



Vol. VI. No. 9.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

MISS UNKNOWN

Written specially for
The Western
Home Monthly

From time to time during the session, Congress had been wrestling with a bill concerning the irrigation of certain government lands in Colorado. A syndicate was endeavoring to get the privilege of watering these lands on the condition that alternate sections be deeded to it. No one seemed to understand the bill very thoroughly, but that was the gist of it. The members from the East paid little attention to the measure; but every time the bill came up Lorimor from Colorado made a speech against it, and in some mysterious way succeeded in getting it shelved. The bill came to be the butt of jokes, and whenever it was brought up cries of "Lorimor!" greeted it. Lorimor was always ready to make an indefinite little speech, hinting that there was something wrong about the bill, and juggling with words in such a way that he was successful in staving it off. It kept coming up so frequently, however, that it was evident that persistent lobbying was going on. Then the newspapers took it up, and Lorimor became famous as the antagonist of a bill that was supposed to be "off color" in some way. Rumors of all sorts went the rounds of the press, and reporters besieged Lorimor, but without success. He fairly barricaded his apartments, and those newspapermen who got past the fortifications found him absolutely interview proof. When it was rumored that Lorimor had managed to delay the bill for two weeks longer, and had left for Colorado to investigate the matter, public curiosity was goaded to the highest pitch.

On his way back to Washington, Lorimor sat in a Pullman car, and gazed out on the snow-covered Iowa cornfields. Here and there a cornstalk held a few withered leaves above the snow, but the view was much the same in all directions—prairies covered with snow and dotted with occasional farm buildings. The extreme cold caused the wheels to creak annoyingly. He tried to read, but the cars swayed so that his eyes tired; then his thoughts wandered back to Washington, and he smiled grimly as he contemplated the surprise he had in store for certain Congressmen. But he would have nothing but bills and debates and discussions when he got to Washington; and he felt bound to turn his mind to something else. He felt that he would like to talk to someone, yet there was not another person in the car, not even a porter. His thoughts ran back to his Eastern home, his college days, the friends he had left to go West, his law practice, and finally brought him face to face with his present condition—a successful politician, with scarcely a person in the world he could call a friend.

The train pulled into a little station, and Lorimor looked eagerly out of the window in the hope of seeing some passenger who would share the empty car with him. His hope was realized. The porter brought a wo-

man into the car—a young woman. She sat opposite Lorimor, where he could see her plainly. One look was enough to banish his feeling of loneliness. She was a tall, fine looking girl with a peculiarly sympathetic face and an air of independence that was charming. Lorimor had paid no attention to women's clothes for years, but there was something about the fur trimmed hat and the fur boa which this woman wore that reminded him of a girl he had taken to a Junior Promenade years ago; and, although he tried not to think of it, he remembered that he had almost loved that girl. Fifteen years vanished in a moment; all of Lorimor's later life was wiped out, and as a boy of twenty he raised his cap and sat down in the seat facing Miss Unknown.

He begged her to excuse his forwardness and explained how deserted the car had been for two days, where-

at Miss Unknown blushed slightly and made a remark about the monotony of travel in such weather that set them at ease. Presently the conversation turned to books, and Lorimor found that his tastes and Miss Unknown's were almost exactly the same. A girl who doted on Thackeray and Balzac was a little unusual, but he reasoned that girls had changed since his school days.

After an inquiring glance at Lorimor, Miss Unknown began speaking: "Perhaps you may think it queer of me to ask such a question, but I have not seen a paper for two days, and I should like to know what has come of the Colorado land bill that Lorimor was opposing?"

"Nothing more has been done with it, but I believe that it is to come up before the session is over," Lorimor replied, with an affected air of indifference.

"All my friends laugh at me for taking such an interest in legislative measures, but my father knows all about such things, and I see no reason why I shouldn't. This bill has interested me particularly, because I have felt all along that Lorimor will un-

earth some hoodling scheme—you know he is out West now investigating the matter. I have conjectured as to the outcome, and I expect to hear that the syndicate was trying to get a large grant of mineral lands by merely pretending that it would water them. Does this seem reasonable to you?"

Lorimor hesitated for a moment.

"No, I scarcely think that is the scheme. A friend who is well posted in the matter confided in me, and I imagine that he has hit upon the syndicate's plan. He thinks that they are buying the bill through Congress, and if the bill succeeds it will be found that men who are agents for the syndicate have pre-empted all the irrigable country adjoining the lands in question. In this way the syndicate will obtain many thousand acres of valuable land for almost nothing, and will gain control of all the available water. Of course it all hinges on the passage of the bill."

"Well," Miss Unknown began, "the scheme certainly is plausible. Another of those plans to defraud the government of its lands."

Just then the brakeman called "Des Moines," and Miss Unknown began pulling on her gloves in preparation for leaving the train. Lorimor helped her off the car and into a cab. As the cab disappeared through a side street he turned to his train, full of regret that this interesting girl had stopped so soon. He wished that he knew her name, and felt sorry that he had not introduced himself. As the train left Des Moines he looked out longingly at the lights that were springing into brightness one by one. Every lighted window would welcome somebody home that night, but nowhere in the world was there anybody preparing to welcome him. Then he pictured Miss Unknown presiding over a cheerful home, and he promised himself that he would soon retire from public life, and, together with a woman like the one he had just left, make a home where love should supplant ambition. He fell asleep picturing the girl whom he had taken to the Junior Promenade, and no knotty political problems disturbed his rest. When he awakened in the morning his first thoughts were of this sweetheart of long ago.

As the train neared Chicago a newsboy came through the car crying his papers:

"Lorimer speaks! The truth about the land swindle in Congress!"

Lorimer smiled when he heard the boy.

"Some fake interview," he mused; but he bought a paper and glanced at the headlines:

"Lorimer at last gives up the secret. Investigation unearths a proposed steal. Syndicate has pre-empted thousands of acres adjoining the tract it asks from Congress, and the passage of the bill would grant it a great body of irrigable land almost without cost."

He dropped the paper. The world had the story two days before he intended to explode the bomb in Congress. "Well done, anyway, and quick too," he reflected. "Only took her an hour to find out all she wanted to know. Well, I'm glad she was good looking."

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What the World is Saying

Canada's Free Grant Policy.

AN ENGLISH critic attacks Canada for giving away her land to settlers. In his opinion we should sell it and so pay off our National debt. The Montreal Star, in taking up his suggestion, says: "His criticism lacks but one form of effective support; and that is the addresses of the people who are willing to buy it. He may be assured that Canada is not giving away land to her own loss. We have adopted this free grant policy with a view to attracting immigration; and there have been years in plenty in which it seemed to us that even this lure was not filling up our West as rapidly as we could wish. There is plenty of land to be bought in the West; and the fact that it is being sold in competition with the free grant lands is fairly conclusive evidence that the free lands would not bring a very remunerative price. What Canada wants now is immigration; but immigration of the right sort. We may have in the past made grants of land to people whom we had better left in Europe; but it is to be hoped that the Government is speedily seeing the folly of this policy. But to a good family of settlers—say, from some county in the United Kingdom—we can still well afford to give a farm; for they will make our other public lands much more valuable."

English and American Railroad Casualties.

THE OFFICIAL FIGURES respecting casualties on United States railroads for the year 1904 are the subject of thoughtful comment in that country, says the Toronto Globe: "It is shown that 10,046 people were killed, of whom 441 were passengers, and 84,155 injured, a total casualty list of 94,201, compared to which the losses, including those of both sides in many of the most important battles of the Russo-Japanese war, are insignificant. The Springfield Republican compares the figures with some of the similar returns available regarding the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, and finds that the result is not at all creditable to the railroads of the United States. The latter killed one passenger to every 1,622,267 carried, and the British roads one to every 199,758,000. In regard to passengers injured the ratio is respectively one to every 78,523 carried, against one to every 2,244,472. United States roads killed 3,632 of their 1,296,121 employees, and the British roads seven of their 71,007. There are 67,067 employees injured on United States railways and 114 on those of the United Kingdom. In other words, with an aggregate staff of employees seventeen times stronger than those of the British railways, the casualties of United States roads were nearly 600 times more numerous."

Life Boats and Life Preservers.

ATTENTION is being called to the life boat service on Lake Ontario. The immense amount of travel on the provincial waterways makes the subject a very practical one. The Toronto Telegram, with its usual conciseness of expression, asks some very searching questions: "Would the life boats on the average Lake Ontario steamer turn out to be death boats if they were ever really needed? And what about the life preservers? Crews untrained in the handling of life boats—life preservers that could not preserve anybody's life—are these safeguards all that comes between thousands and death every summer day? The life boats may be all right—the life preservers may be simply ideal, but neither life preservers nor life boats would be any the worse for being regularly tested. The habit of taking everything for granted is extra hazardous when human lives are at stake. This habit may not prevail on the steamers that go out of Toronto Bay, but the community is entitled to actual evidence that it does not prevail."

The Battle Between the Giants.

THE FIGHT between Lord Kitchener and Lord Curzon for domination in India has ended in Lord Curzon's defeat and resignation. It was a question as to which of two policies should prevail. The Montreal Witness outlines these policies as follows: "Lord Curzon was bent on adding to India's responsibilities by expansion, Lord Kitchener on adding to her financial burdens by increasing her army. The Home Government snubbed Lord Curzon for his policy in Tibet and repudiated the treaty made by his representative, Col. Younghusband, and it has supported Lord Kitchener in his policy of greatly increasing the Indian army and revolutionizing the military procedure in India, considerably reducing the red tape that has surrounded the service there. It is the opinion of Lord Kitchener that the army of India is quite inadequate to safeguard the territory she possesses already, should some sudden danger arise, and his intention is to make it a great and perfectly organized fighting machine. The Home Government has agreed with him, although the only possible alarming antagonist would be Russia. As Russia is likely to be crippled in her resources for many years to come, the urgency of increasing the army and the taxation of India is not apparent."

The Georgian Bay Canal.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR recently said: "Canada's greatest question is her transportation question." From the interest taken in the subject by prominent public men, it would seem as though the professor were right. The Hon. Senator Dandurand, Speaker of the Senate, at the recent International Jubilee celebration at the Soo, gave another transportation suggestion. He said: "Canada hopes to be able before another half century is completed to reciprocate by offering the States a direct outlet to the sea, through a 20-foot waterway, via the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, thus saving you the annoyance of twice breaking bulk before reaching a European port." In his "half century" reference the Speaker had in mind the fifty years of Soo canal history which they were celebrating, but he did not thereby design to convey the idea that any such period would elapse before the Georgian Bay canal would be in operation. This great waterway will be built because it will afford the shortest route from Fort William and Port Arthur to the seaboard and is necessary to preserve to Canada the carrying trade of the West. These two great truths will be so fully realized in the near future that this great public work will be pressed to a successful conclusion long before another "half century."

Keep Our Own at Home.

UNDER THE ABOVE caption, the Kingston News has said some very pointed things. The exodus of our people to the United States is a very serious matter to a country that has a population as small as ours, and every effort should be made to arrest it. The News suggests a plan which Westerners will welcome. We quote the article: "The attention of the Government is being called to the constant stream of Maritime Province people who pass over to the States and are lost to Canada. These, it is said, might be turned to our Northwest and become a valuable contingent there. It appears that while the Government had its agents in all parts of Europe and in the Western States soliciting settlers, it neglected to cultivate the lower province inhabitants with a view of keeping them within the Dominion. This was a mistake. There is no more desirable people than those who have been born and reared in the homes of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. They are, as a class, hardy, industrious, know of our institutions, and transplanted to any part of the Dominion would be loyal to the

Empire, and, particularly, to their native country. To expend effort and money to bring Italians, Doukhobors and Galicians as immigrants, and permit the flower of the Maritime Provinces to become residents of a foreign country, is, to say the least of it, exceedingly unwise."

King Edward and Dumb Animals.

IT IS A CAUSE of thankfulness to all lovers of the brute creation that the King has shown an inclination to interest himself in the welfare of dumb animals. The Montreal Witness, speaking of this tendency in our Sovereign, says: "King Edward has again shown kindness as well as good taste by declaring against the use of the overhead check-rein on horses, whose effect is anything but graceful, and his humanity by insisting on certain reforms in sport and the capture of wild animals. Recently he declared the abolition of steel traps in catching rabbits and other ground game. Shooting pigeons from traps was long ago placed under the royal ban. When it is remembered what an immense influence the King's example has upon all classes of society, all lovers of wild and dumb creatures will rejoice at the wide publication of these acts of humanity, which show him to be desirous of lessening their sufferings, and, as far as he can, the tendency to cruelty in sport. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have a powerful ally in the King, and should give the fact the widest publicity. Human nature is so constituted that people like to think they are in fashion with the great, and good example is as contagious as bad example when royalty leads the way."

Province Should Share.

THE WEEKLY SUN, Toronto, says that there is enormous mineral wealth in New Ontario has been abundantly demonstrated. There is one "hole in the ground" there from which a quarter of a million dollars has been taken; one shaft has produced ore running \$2,000 to the ton, and in one rare case ore worth a dollar a pound is said to have been secured. To whom does all this wealth belong? It does not belong to the discoverers, although these should be liberally rewarded; it does not all belong to the capitalists and workmen who perform the work of development, although a handsome return can be allowed here, too. The greater part of this wealth is the heritage of the people of all Ontario, just as is the timber wealth of the province. In selling the timber we very properly insist not only on a price for the right to cut, but on dues proportioned to the amount cut. A similar policy must be followed in disposing of our mineral lands. These should be sold at a fixed price per acre, and then a royalty exacted by the province on every ton of ore produced, this royalty being graded according to the value of the ore. Properly conserved, the timber and mineral resources of the province should provide a sufficient revenue for provincial purposes for all time to come.

The Naval Lessons of the Japanese War.

EVERY WAR is an object lesson to military experts. In the interval between national conflicts navies grow and armies are taught new tactics. The war is the practical test of the theories introduced in times of peace. The educational value of the Japanese war is that it is likely to produce but few changes in naval construction. Says the Toronto Saturday Night: "When the full technical story of the struggle comes to be written, and the facts regarding the behavior of the war material have been collected, and the lessons deduced therefrom, naval constructors will, no doubt, see where they can improve on existing designs; but it is safe to say that the improvements will consist in modifications of a minor character. Already the fact is recognized that the present distribution of the total displacement of a navy among battleships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers or scouts, and torpedo boats is about the best that can be made, and that each type of vessel is admirably adapted to the particular work which it has to do. This result has the two-fold effect of strengthening the confidence of the naval architect in his work and of giving a flat rebuke to the thousand-and-one naval cranks, who decry the big battleship and cruiser, and tell us that the torpedo boat and the submarine are destined to revolutionize naval construction and sweep our big ships from the high seas. As a matter of fact, naval construction is a process, not of spasmodic revolution, but of steady and consistent evolution. By the strict law of the survival of the fittest has the battleship grown to its present huge proportions and taken its place as the secure foundation upon which the whole structure of the navy is built up."



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The recent opening of the "Queen's Hotel," after being rebuilt and remodelled, gives to the Prairie Capital a hostelry that any city might well be proud of. The necessity of a fully modern first-class hotel in Winnipeg has been felt by the travelling public in the past; now visitors to our city can have no complaints to make on that score, for the Montgomery Bros. have provided the needful.

A Good Stand.

The Queen's Hotel property, standing on Portage Ave., corner of Notre Dame St., Winnipeg, is one of the best hotel stands in the West. In the days of the big land boom, it was the leading hotel in Winnipeg. The present owners purchased the Queen's in the month of March, 1904, and took possession of it on May 1st following. Before proceeding to give a description of the new Queen's, it would not be amiss to say a few words about the Montgomery Bros., the men who bought and rebuilt it at tremendous cost.

The Present Owners.

Mr. Thomas Montgomery, the senior member of the firm, is well known to the old timers of the West. Some twenty-three years ago he built the Winnipeg Hotel on Main St. and for many years conducted business there on his own account until he was joined by his brother, Mr. Oswald Montgomery, some twelve years ago. From that time and until March, 1904, the Montgomery Bros. conducted the "Winnipeg," and the travelling public

who made the hotel their headquarters when in this city will bear witness to the fact that few hotels in the West set as good a table, or was so well conducted as was the Winnipeg. It is well to note that the Montgomery Bros. are experienced veterans in the hotel business, their long experience in catering to the wants of the public



Thos. Montgomery

has been of incalculable benefit to them when rebuilding the Queen's.

"The New Queen's."

Upon acquiring the property, the firm secured the advice and service of leading architects and had entirely new plans made to rebuild and transform the premises into a first class

hotel. To-day the exterior presents an agreeable picture to the eye, being constructed of white brick, three stories high, with a number of colored stained glass windows in the front. A large balcony is erected over the main entrance from Portage Ave., which gives accommodation to about forty guests, and which offers a splendid view of what is fast becoming the principal thoroughfare and retail street of Winnipeg.



Oswald Montgomery

The Office and Rotunda.

Upon entering the hotel, to the left of the main entrance is the public office, also the private office; to the right is the rotunda. The office and rotunda floor is covered with a cork linoleum, and on the floor of the private office of the firm is costly Brussels carpet. The office counter and fittings, together with the entire wood work in the rotunda and spacious main stair case, is quarter-cut oak, which give a substantial and rich appearance. The partitions between the offices are bevelled chipped glass. The walls are painted a deep salmon

color with wainscoting of burlap painted a dark green. The large easy leather-covered oak chairs and sofas with a leather-covered divan in the centre of the rotunda presents a picture of ease and elegance. Hanging on the wall in the Rotunda is a large oil painting, in a massive gilt frame, of a former premier of Canada, the Right Honorable Sir John A. McDonald. The rotunda contains a modern cigar stand and news depot. In the office is an old and costly clock said to be the most accurate timekeeper in Winnipeg, one that has done duty in the Queen's for upwards of twenty years. A costly cash register, as well as a large office safe, has been put in.



S. H. J. Montgomery

The Wine Dispensary.

The bar, as it is more commonly called, surpasses anything of its kind in the West in point of accommodation and costly finish. It is sixty feet in length, with wainscoting and bottom of counter of white Tennessee marble standing on an eight-inch base of blue marble, whilst the entire back of the bar is marble and costly bev-

elled glass mirrors. The top of the bar counter is of mahogany wood highly polished. The tinting on the walls is done in a rich salmon color, and two costly stained glass windows give in light of variegated hue on the rich cut glass of the bar, presenting in the whole a very pleasing picture indeed. The bar is stocked with the very choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. The coat room, fitted with a self-checking system, at the rear of the rotunda, was planned so as to avoid confusion and mistakes.

The Basement.

In the basement is a well-appointed barber shop and shoe shining stand, a commodious wine cellar fitted with a hoist leading up to the bar, and it is the intention of the management to put in a pool and billiard room, also a grill room. In the basement at the rear is the lavatory and toilet room, spacious and well lighted and finished in white Tennessee marble.



Robert A. Montgomery

The Dining-room.

No expense was spared in fitting out the dining-room. It has seating capacity for one hundred and twenty guests at one sitting. The dining-room is finished in quarter-cut oak, the walls are tinted a rich deep salmon color, and the floor is covered with English linoleum. The furniture, chairs, tables, sideboards, etc., are of quarter-cut oak, and the rich cut glass and costly silverware, together with the snow white cleanliness of the table linen present a pretty picture of good taste and cleanliness.

Hanging on the wall is a massive gilt frame enclosing a magnificent oil painting, size ten feet by eight feet, the subject of which is: "The Lion and His Bride." Near the four corners are four electric fans which keep

walls of which are hand painted in delicate and becoming shades, and the border of pansies and roses show that the man who did the work was an artist of more than ordinary ability. The furniture is ma-

rooms consists of iron and brass bedsteads on each of which is an easy bed spring and hair mattress. The rest of the furniture in the bedrooms, viz: the bureaus, wash stands, etc., is in quarter-cut oak. The bed linen is



"New" Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, Man.

the air circulating in the room. The dining-room is lighted by stained glass windows which give a very pretty effect to the handsome surroundings in the room.

The Culinary Department.

Adjoining is the kitchen fitted up with a Jumbo Gurney range, a huge steam heater, coffee and tea urns and a lavish display of kitchen utensils. A large refrigerator for the storage of meats, butter, eggs, etc. A first class chef was secured to preside over the culinary department, as the Montgomery Bros. are bound to maintain their excellent reputation for providing a first class table.

The Parlor and Bedrooms.

The house contains in all seventy-nine bedrooms. On the first flat is the public parlor, the ceiling and

hogany frames, with silk tapestry coverings, and a costly grand piano, also in mahogany finish, occupies its place in the parlor. In addition to the large parlor on the first flat is a smaller parlor, also a writing room for the use of guests. There are six elegant suites of bedrooms on this floor, with bath and closet attached. The other bedrooms are light and airy (all outside rooms), as the hotel was so built as to provide against any inside or dark rooms on either floors. In addition to the bathrooms in the suites, there are over a dozen other bathrooms with closets, etc., all equipped with hot and cold water. The whole upstairs is carpeted with nice rich soft carpets, and the tinting on the walls is a different shade in every room. the furniture in the bed-

in keeping with the furniture, and spotlessly clean. Long distance telephones for the convenience of guests have been put in the bedrooms, as well as a return ring system between the office and all rooms in the house. Doors at the end of all halls lead out on to safe fire escapes, so that in case of fire guests will have no difficulty in getting out of the hotel. The hotel is heated throughout by steam, and lighted by gas and electric light.

The manager, Mr. Robert Montgomery, has surrounded himself with a competent staff of assistants who are polite, affable and courteous to everybody.

You haven't seen the best in Winnipeg without visiting the new Queen's Hotel, Portage Ave., corner Notre Dame Ave.

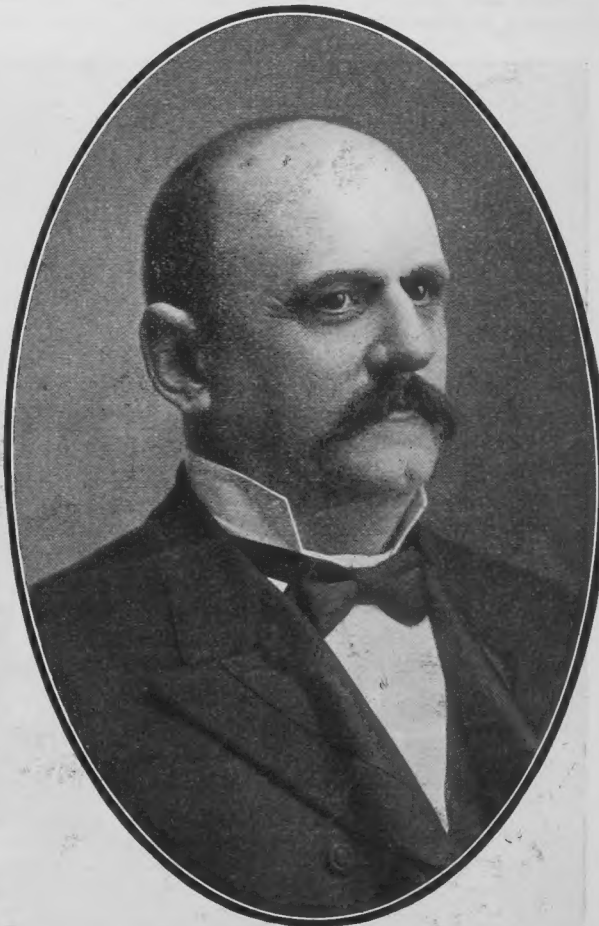
The Newly Appointed Lieutenant-Governors

The Hon. A. E. Forget was born at Marieville, Que., in 1847. He was educated there and was called to the bar in 1871. In 1875 he went to Manitoba. On the organization of a separate government for the Territories in 1876, he was made clerk of the council and secretary to the lieutenant-governor. Later he became clerk of the Assembly at Regina and was made assistant commissioner of Indian affairs for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories in 1888. Five years later he was appointed a member of the council of public instruction. In 1898 he was raised to the position of lieutenant-governor of the Territories, and was recently appointed lieutenant-governor of Saskatchewan.

Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea, the newly appointed lieutenant-governor of Alberta, was born at Gagetown, N.B., in 1859. He graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1878 and drifted into mercantile pursuits. He removed to the West in 1891. He was elected to the Assembly in 1894 and was re-elected by acclamation on accepting office in 1897. He was then non-resident member of the Hamilton-Ross Executive Council. He was appointed Yukon Commissioner for the Territorial government in 1898 and was re-elected by acclamation in 1902, and next year he became Commissioner of Public Works for the Territories.



Hon. Amedee Emmanuel Forget



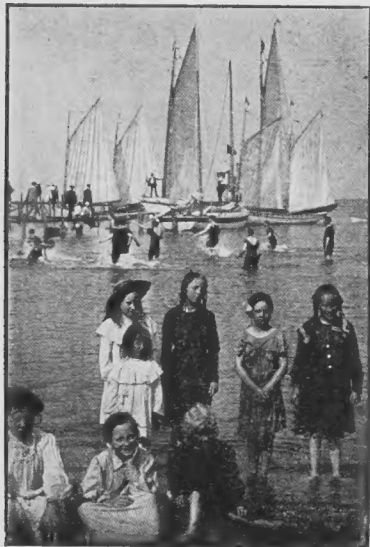
Hon. George H. V. Bulyea

The Stovel Company Outing

At Winnipeg Beach, August 5, 1905.

"All aboard!" sang out the conductor of the heavily freighted C. P. R. special containing the Stovel Stalwarts, together with their families and friends to the number of about 500 in all, and the engineer proceeded to get a move on for Winnipeg Beach.

Everyone of them was in a true holiday humor, fully bent on enjoying himself and in seeing that others did the same, for this was the first annual outing of the employees of the Stovel Co., and they had made up their minds that, wet or fine, it should be



The Kodak Attracts.

a success, both as a holiday as well as financially, for any surplus was to go to swell the coffers of the Stovel Mutual Sick Club, so needless to say the aforesaid coffers were duly swollen, as well as the head of each individual member of the committee, who strutted around in their satisfaction like peacocks with two tails, and after all perhaps they had a right to, for hard work alone had brought them success.

By the forethought of the Stovel Co. the ladies and children were regaled with boxes of chocolate and fruit.

tables to prepare dinner, the little ones to roll about on the beautiful sandy shore, build castles and play

about in the warm water, and the amount of energy shown by these tiny tots was truly a "sicht for sair een." Some of them seemed to be in and out of the water the whole day long, and they one and all earned their rest that night.

The sports commenced with a baseball match—Compositors v. Litho-

the trees bordering the lake; then the sports were resumed.

The Engravers and Compositors then met in a baseball match, when a very closely contested game ended in favor of the Engravers by a score of 6 to 4, a defeat which was subsequently wiped out in the water polo event.



Game of Waterball.

On arriving at their destination everybody immediately set themselves to make the most of the time at their disposal, the ladies repairing to the

graphers, which proved an easy win for the former by 17 to 4. Then an adjournment was made for dinner, when piles of fruit and a great store

Baseball finished, a photographic group was taken of the employees; nor was this the only photograph taken during the day, for there were



Getting Ready for a Boat Sail.

of lemonade, provided by the firm, were dispensed and satisfactorily disposed of under the welcome shade of

legions who appeared to be armed with anything between a 2½ x 2½ Kodak to a 10 x 12 fully equipped camera and tripod.

Some of the pictures were taken especially for The Western Home Monthly and are reproduced here for the first time. It is needless to add that the employees of the Stovel Co. are proud of the W. H. M. and delighted with their knowledge of the fact that it now has a circulation of 33,000, and its circulation is still climbing.



They All Enjoyed it.

The snap shot showing the water polo teams was taken just previous to the final match between the engravers and compositors, which proved one of the most successful events of the day.

It is suggested that next year they put up a challenge trophy for annual competition among the various departments of the firm.

The various events on the list re-



Group Photo Taken at the Stovel Company Outing.

sulted as under:

Married ladies' race, 100 yards—First prize, mirror, brush and comb, Mrs. Deslauriers; second, atomizer, Mrs. B. Franks.

Married men's race, 100 yards—First, fancy clock, B. Franks; second, birch bark smoker's set, Ed. Booth.

Single ladies' race, 100 yards—First prize, plaster cast, Miss Myrtle Bishop; second, ladies' companion, Miss Lockhart.

Girls' race, under 14, 100 yards—First prize, Miss Edith Jackson; second, jewel case, Miss Hazel Bishop.

Boys' race, 100 yards—First prize, inkstand, Frank Hooper; second, exerciser, Percy Fowler.

Single men's race, 100 yards—First prize, smoker's set, Charles McIvor;

amusement. The results were as follows
Compositors vs. pressmen, composi-



A Snap at Lunch Time.

tors won 2 to 1. Engravers vs. lithographers, engravers won, 7 to 0. Final—Compositors vs. engravers, compositors won, 2 to 1. Time, 10-



Game of Waterball About to Commence.

second, schooner glass, Clarence Winkler.

Little boys' race, 100 yards—First prize, knife, John Kendrick; second, monkey, Forbes Perkins; third, yacht, Alex. Perkins.

Little girls' race, 100 yards—First



The Heavy-weight at Home.

prize, Flora Cuthbert; second, doll, Maud Todhunter; third, toy set, Olive Boyd.

Swimming race, 100 yards—First prize, bronze trowel, Dick American; second, pipe rack, Charles Axworthy.

Four teams entered for the water polo match, which the spectators watched with much interest and

minute halves.

After supper an adjournment was made to the pavilion where Miss Stafford, Miss Bishop, Messrs. J. Deslauriers, Phillips and Wylie assisted in giving a short but most enjoyable concert; then, Mr. A. B. Stovel, hav-



The Great Game.

ing distributed the prizes to the successful competitors and spoken a few words of congratulation on the success of the picnic, a move was made for the train, everyone having thoroughly enjoyed their trip.

All the members of the firm were present with their families.



Bathing.

Nothing so good for
Constipation, Biliousness,
Indigestion, Headache,
Sour Stomach as

Abbey's
Effervescent **Salt**

Sleeplessness
Bad Breath
Coated Tongue
Inactive Liver
Dizziness

A teaspoonfull in a glass of
water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle.

Black "O"

The Easy Polish.

Easy on your shoes—Black "O" will not injure the leather—most polishes do.

Easy to get a shine—just a little Black "O" and very little rubbing gives a brilliant, black polish.

Easy to open the tin—no broken finger nails, just move the little tin lever to one side and the cover comes off

Easy to remember—Black "O"—ask your dealer for it.



1

YOU'LL ENJOY A REFRESHING SLEEP AND RISE IN
THE MORNING THOROUGHLY RESTED IF YOU SLEEP

ON OUR

EMERSON ALL HAIR MATTRESS

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WITH ONE, WRITE TO US AND WE WILL
FURNISH YOU ONE DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY.

RETAIL PRICE : : \$32.00

"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."

OUR GUARANTEE GOES WITH EVERY MATTRESS.

THE G. C. EMERSON BEDDING CO., LTD.

591 HENRY AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN. Phone 3175

Correspondence

ONE OF MANY.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the Western Home Monthly, from a gentleman prominent in business circles in the City of Montreal, was received at this office. It speaks for itself and is only one of many written in a similar strain by readers of the Western Home Monthly in all parts of the country:

Montreal, Aug. 14th, 1905.

The Editor Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.:-

Dear Sir,—Some kind friend sent me a copy of the "Western Home Monthly." I did not pay much attention to it at first, thinking it was another Yankee advertising dodge. It lay on my desk for a few days, along with other periodicals and one night when in the act of putting things to rights, I was attracted by the beautiful cover design of your journal. In giving it a closer study I was surprised to learn that it was a Canadian production, its home being in Winnipeg, Man. I was interested at once. I read it through carefully, making note of all its varied contents. It is useless for me to attempt to equal to the task. I can only say that I am proud of it. I am proud of it because it is Canadian. It is a credit to you and a credit to Canada. "The Young Man and his Problem" and "Genius," by James L. Gordon, are articles of the highest class, and should be in the scrap book of every young man in Canada. The stories are good, and, taking all with all, it is alright. Wishing you every success, I am, faithfully yours.

A Chance for Some Bachelor.

A lady reader of The Western Home Monthly writes from Calgary to say that there are any number of women in the West awaiting the opportunity to join in a life partnership with the sturdy young farmer or rancher. The letter speaks for itself: To the editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir—In reply to a letter in your last issue re the marriageable man, I should like to ask him of what use it would be to send marriageable women from the East to the West when there are so many of them here already. It would be well for the marriageable men of the West to turn their eyes to the marriageable women of the West instead of those away East. I am also in a position to state that there are quite a number of women in the West who are anxiously waiting for such an opportunity as your correspondent speaks of, the saving of a man from a life of dissipation and uselessness.

—A Marriageable Woman.

Cheerfulness is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts may unconsciously be a public benefactor.

There is not such a mighty difference, as some men imagine, between the poor and the rich. They enjoy the same earth, and air, and heavens; hunger and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties, which cover a rich man's table; and the labor of a poor man is more healthful, and many times more pleasant, too, than the ease and softness of the rich.

Hope the best, get ready for the worst, and then take what God sends patiently.

Experience is the only teacher that can get anything into the head of the man who knows it all.—Batten's Wedge.

I love the rooster for two things: for the crow that is in him and for the spurs that are on him to back up the crow.—Josh Billings.

British income tax is heavy enough, but not nearly so bad as the tax in Spain. Banks in Spain must pay 15 per cent. on their profits, and all corporations at least 12 per cent.

Hold on to Happiness.

I have been thrall to Discontent;
My dubious days with Discord spent;
Gray Doubt my fellow-lodger made;
Refused Hope's living accolade;
But Love has come my lot to bless,
And give me hold on happiness!

Not Love that grossly clings to earth,
But something of diviner birth
That lifts the drooping star;
Until it twins Faith's zenith star;
Such Love has come my lot to bless,
And give me hold of happiness!

Remain, O living essence, fraught
With trust, and with all tender thought!
Linger, O thou distilled pure
Of joys that evermore endure,
My spirit with thy balm to bless,
And give me hold of happiness!

Charles Sumner loved chocolate creams as well as a school girl, and Andrew Jackson "surrendered to ice cream at first taste."

To keep your home free from house flies use Wilson's Fly Pads; nothing else will do it thoroughly.

"Is she one of those horrible girls who know enough to set men right?"
"No; she's one of those delightful girls who know enough not to."

"So she is suing him for a divorce?"
"Yes; he isn't the kind of husband to which she has been accustomed."

Mrs. Jiggson—The bull pup does not like mother; he growls at her.

Jiggson—Then I'll have the coachman shoot him. I can't bear to see dumb animals suffer.

CASH FOR YOUR FARM, BUSINESS, HOME, or property of any kind, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale, send us description and price.

NORTHWESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY
DESK 6, BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

EDWARD DUPONT

CHEF AT THE MARRIAGGI WINNIPEG, MAN.

Will furnish any lady with helpful suggestions regarding how to prepare the best and most appropriate menu for Suppers, Parties, Dinners, etc. When writing him please mention The Western Home Monthly.

... A ... SEPTEMBER TALISMAN

To those born in September let us advise a Sapphire for a talisman.

The gem is emblematic of constancy and truth and the ancients credited it with marvellous power over disease.

A maiden born
When autumn leaves
Are rustling in
September breeze,
A sapphire on her
Hand should bind,
'Twill cure diseases
Of the mind.

Our Sapphire Ring No. 15782, consisting of a genuine Oriental Sapphire, in a solid 15kt. gold setting, is selling with remarkable popularity. Partly no doubt because its price is but \$7.50.

If you order by mail simply give the order as above.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
Gold and Silversmiths
350-352 Main St., WINNIPEG



Birks' Silver Polish

Size of Cake 4 x 2 1/4 x 1 inch. by mail postpaid 25c
HENRY BIRKS & SONS
Gold and Silversmiths, 350-352 Main St., Winnipeg.

C.C.C. Are You Ambitious?

Summer days will soon be over and the "serious" days of Autumn and Winter are drawing near.

Do you intend to use your spare hours this year in bettering yourself?

Remember, this is a strenuous age, and only the man who knows is going to succeed.

There is a better position waiting for YOU somewhere and it devolves upon you to fit yourself for it.

Your special talent may be Engineering, Chemistry, Journalism, or any of the subjects mentioned below. Whatever it is we can guide you to success along that particular line.

DECIDE TO-DAY.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE	
161 Bay St.	Limited Toronto, Ont.
Gentlemen:—Please send me full particulars as to how I can qualify for the position marked "X" in list below, or written on the extra line at the bottom.	
Accounting	Scientific Farming
Bookkeeping	Stock-judging
Stenography	Household Science
Chemistry	Insurance
Electrician	Civil Service
Draftsman	Journalism
Designing	School Teacher
Adv. Writing	Matriculation
Extra Line	
Name	
Address	

LADIES' Fancy Mercised Girdle and our catalog of ladies' goods sent free for three 2c stamps. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. 10, London, Ont.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited.

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES:
TORONTO, ONT.

MANITOBA BRANCH:
356 MAIN STREET

N. J. LINDSAY,
MANAGER

Winnipeg, Aug. 25th, 1905.

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:

We regret that the instruments advertised in your last issue were all sold before we received replies from some of your readers. We have, however, written those who have applied to us, giving particulars of some other instruments we have in stock. We cannot today give you a list, but would be pleased to hear from any of your readers who desire to secure a good instrument. If they will describe what is required we will send full information.

Yours very truly,

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.,

Per..... J. J. Lindsay, Manager.

Citizens to Blame For Bad Government

Written Specially
for
The Western Home Monthly

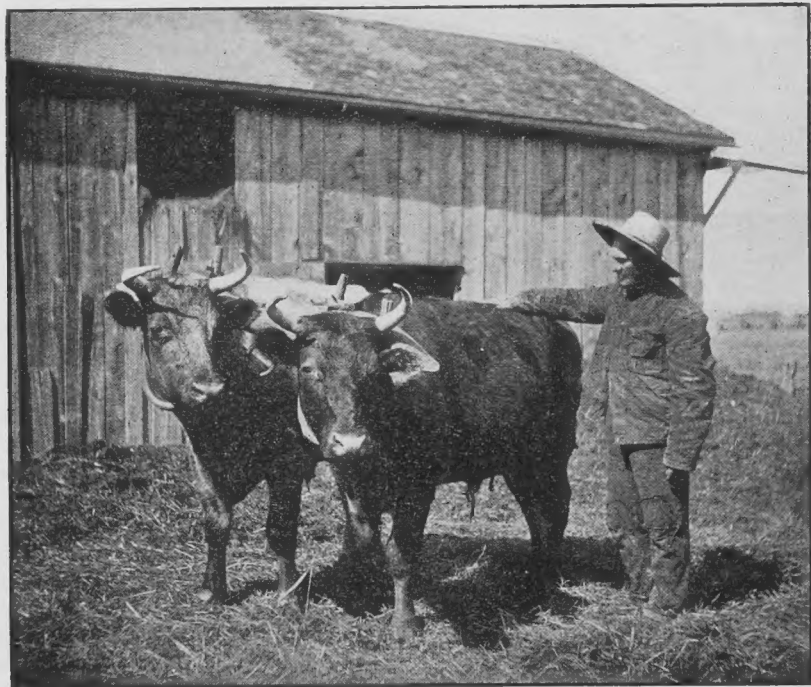
THE people of any land can overthrow civil evils whenever they want to, and can have a government as good as they themselves make it, or as bad as they suffer it to become. There is hardly a community in Canada where the law-abiding people are not in the majority. They are usually quiet, however, while the other side are so vociferous as to deceive some into the idea they are stronger than they are, but they do not count for much against the united efforts of the law-abiding. They are always active, though, and average citizens become active only occasionally. The power of corruptionists is obtained through the indifference of good citizens. Bad citizens are united; good citizens are divided—that is the trouble. If good citizens could be induced to join hands in patriotic endeavor the bad would be shorn of their strength and be powerless to accomplish anything. Lawbreakers are always organized, and work while good people sleep; but once the latter are aroused they are invincible.

The government of the nation, state, and city, rests upon the active morality of the average individual. In proportion as that morality is strong, the

consequences. In a country like ours each individual is a constituent part of sovereignty. Some may think if the government were left entirely to you public evils could not exist. But you have a portion of the responsibility now. If you are unfaithful with part, would you be more faithful with all? He that is unfaithful with a portion cannot be trusted with the whole. If each citizen were to leave the remedying of public wrongs to someone else nothing would be accomplished.

The state protects the citizen and the citizen must protect the state politically as well as financially, and his civic duties are as morally binding as his taxes. If each man were to think that he is only one among many and that it is unnecessary for him to pay taxes because there will be plenty without him, the state would be bankrupt if it could not enforce payment. If every man were to reason that among so many his influence for good is not needed, then the state would be bankrupt politically and we would have a government of the few rich enough to buy official favors.

There is sometimes too much of a disposition on the part of some to allow others to do the face sweating in civic affairs while they do the bread eating. Our government in theory



Buck and Bright.

government is good; when the average morality is low, the government must be inferior. When good citizens attend to their civic duties their civic energy is represented in good officials; when they are careless, their slothfulness is represented by corrupt officials. The character of the government depends entirely upon the will of the majority, and no government is better than a majority of its voters. If each individual were to attend to public affairs every good official would have behind him the aggressive morality of his constituents, which would confront every bad official and say to him, "No further shalt thou go." Lawbreakers do not care for laws so long as they control officials and politics. They do not know good from bad; all they know is politics. When they are taught everywhere that lawlessness is bad politics, the question of good government will be near solution. The people can teach them that.

To arouse the people and make them exercise their civil duties is a matter of supreme importance. In a monarchical form of government all authority is in the crown and delegated to those beneath. Civic indifference there is not fraught with such grave

gives more rights than any other, but some think so little of their obligations to the general welfare that they are often indifferent to being robbed as long as they do not feel the effects directly and are among the many.

There is a constant conflict between law and lawlessness, right and wrong, evil and good, in every sphere of life. The wrong must always be fought against; the ideal of good must be fought for. The bad thrives of its own accord and feeds on its own wickedness. The useful grain must be sown and cared for else the weeds will choke it out, while the thistle, scattered by chance and cared for by accident, will flourish anywhere. So the good in government does not exist by accident, but must be nurtured by good citizens, who must likewise contend actively against the vices that creep into government. It is one thing to be against wrong; it is quite another thing to fight wrong. One is a non-combatant that never won a cause, the other a soldier in the fight. Good citizens need to become more aggressive. The man that is afraid to show his colors and stand in the open against evils is of little benefit to good government.

Canada's Leading Mail Order Piano House

If you have no agent in your locality selling our Pianos, we will deal with you direct by mail, and give you benefit of the dealer's profit.

LAYTON PIANOS are used in every Province of the Dominion. Sold on easy payments without interest; liberal discount allowed for cash. Shipped to any part of Canada on trial for ten days, and received back at our expense if not to your liking.

LAYTON PIANOS are right up-to-date in every particular, with full iron frame, 3 pedals, and handsome design. Guaranteed for 10 years. Prices from \$195. Used instruments from \$75.

Send your name and address for full particulars and illustrated catalogue.

Layton Bros.

Dept. E, 144 Peel St.

Montreal, P.Q.

The Classik Kids



Have submitted Galt Sure Grip Shingles to every practical test, and have not found them wanting in a single instance.

These shingles lock together so strongly and surely that when applied to any roof they become in reality one sheet, not a number of individual shingles nailed to the roof.

They are absolutely wind, water, storm, lightning and fire proof; are easier laid than any other shingle, metal or wood, and require less expert knowledge to lay them.

Illustrated catalogue and all information for a postal card, addressed to The Classik Kids

Galt Sure Grip Shingles

IS YOUR STOMACH HEATED AND SOUR?

This comes from decaying food, because the internal organs have become too weakened to drive it on. You will find this more troublesome in summer months as vegetable and animal matter decay in about half the time they would in the frosty period. Its a dangerous condition to remain in, fever and other serious attacks invariably result, but you can avoid it with

KOLA TONIC WINE

Kola Tonic wine combines three really wonderful properties, Kola, Celery and Pepsin. Kola builds muscle, Celery quiets the nerves, Pepsin aids digestion. We think the following from G. Mills McClurg, Justice of the Peace and Commissioner in the High Court for Middlesex, should suffice for the wonderful curative powers of KOLA TONIC WINE.

Melbourne, Ont., August 13, 1904.

Gentlemen,—Four bottles of your Kola Tonic Wine has completely cured me of my stomach ailments from which I have suffered for some eight years, and which a number of leading physicians failed to cure.

I consider it my duty to send you this testimonial (unsolicited), and you have my permission to publish the same for the benefit of a suffering public.

Gratefully yours,
(Sgd.) G. MILLS McCLURG.

Your druggist has Kola Tonic Wine, just ask him, but if he will not supply you, write direct for a quart bottle, price \$1.00 and let us tell you some of the thousand things Kola Wine has done.

Hygiene Kola Co.
Winnipeg



WRITE FOR INFORMATION
GET CATALOGUE "D"



Central Business College
Winnipeg, Man.

BOOKS YOU NEED

Sent BY MAIL post paid on
receipt of price.

Why not use your leisure moments in improving your mind. You have the time and here is the material to do it with:—

Hodgson's Low Cost American Homes	\$0 75
Hodgson's Complete Modern Carpentry and Joinery	1 00
Hodgson's Common Sense Hand Railing and Modern Staircases	1 00
Hodgson's Practical Treatise on the Steel Square	1 00
Hodgson's New Hardwood Finishing, including Wood Manipulation, Turning and Polishing	1 00
Electricity Made Simple, by Haskings	1 00
1000 Ways to Make Money, by Frank Gilbert	1 00
Farm Engines and How to Use Them, by Stephenson	1 00
Locomotive Up-to-date, by McShane	3 00
Painters' Encyclopedia, by Gardner	2 00
Telegraphy Self-Taught, by Edison	1 25
Modern Wiring Diagrams, by Horstman	1 50

Address Orders to

JOHN A. HART CO.
McIntyre Block
Winnipeg

British and Foreign Bible Society.
Winnipeg Branch—483 Main St.
Bibles and Testaments in thirty different languages at and below cost.

READ THIS—but
UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR
GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

CANCER!

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Cancer Cure, requests anyone suffering with Cancer to write him. Two days' treatment will cure any Cancer, external or internal. R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Man.

AT HIGH NOON

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly

MISS DABNEY sat in her sanctum, looking wearily at the huge pile of unread manuscripts before her on the desk—stories rolled, stories tied with a blue ribbon, stories written in pencil—nearly all of them without one redeeming feature. She was so tired of it all. Only a busy editor could know how wearing were even the trivial details on nerves and temper.

Had Miss Dabney been a man, she would probably have lighted a cigar and consigned the accumulated work to an unmentionable locality; but, being a woman, she pressed one hand against her hot head and, closing her eyes, longed for rest. Yet she had been glad to obtain a position on the staff of The Times, because the small salary she received helped a younger sister, who was an invalid; glad, too, because it was an opening in her chosen field, and she had sacrificed so much for it. But to-day the hours dragged. The clock in old Trinity's steeple had just tolled the half hour of eleven. Could it be that less than half the day had gone?

She picked up a manuscript lying near, and glanced at the title—"Love and Honor; a Tale of Cuban Bloodshed," and smiled a little even while she sighed. It was signed Eleanor Musgrave, and the letter that accompanied it stated that the author would call on the seventeenth for a reply—she did hope it would be a favorable one.

"She has rather a pretty name, poor child," thought Miss Dabney, looking at her calendar, half unconsciously, "Why, to-day is the seventeenth.

forgotten dream. She was not very old now—only six and twenty—but sometimes she felt old—so old.

There was a knock on the door, and Jim, the office factotum, poked in his head.

"Copy, Miss Dabney?" he asked, laconically.

"Not just yet, Jim," Miss Dabney replied, looking up. "Tell Mr. Davis I've been too busy this morning to finish the Hungarian article. He shall have it by to-night."

"All right, Miss." Then Jim moved nearer and spoke in a mysterious whisper, while he nodded significantly toward the door. "There's a young lady out there that wants to see you."

"I'm too busy to be bothered. Who is she, and what does she want?" Miss Dabney replied brusquely.

"She says she wants to see the gentleman who reads the stories," and Jim grinned.

Miss Dabney smiled in spite of herself.

"Find out," she told him, turning in her revolving chair to her desk. Jim departed.

"It's Eleanor Musgrave," Jim announced in a disrespectful whisper a moment later.

Miss Dabney started, then did a very remarkable thing. Instead of handing Jim the manuscript to take to the author, she said briefly:

"Show her in."

A slender, sweet faced girl entered and looked about the room. Seeing no one but Miss Dabney she went up to her and asked:

"Will you tell me where I can find the gentleman who reads the stories?"

"Well, no; I'm afraid I cannot, un-

"I am afraid it's unavailable," said Miss Dabney.

"I am so sorry," said the girl.

"I am sorry, too," Miss Dabney said, pushing back her chair, as if to signify that the interview was over. But the girl leaned forward eagerly.

"I know it's unusual, but—but won't you kindly tell me what the trouble is? I'll be so grateful. 'Unavailable' is a very convenient word for you editors, but it's very hard and vague to us." She laughed mirthlessly.

Miss Dabney toyed with her paper-weight.

"It is unusual," she admitted.

"I know I've no claim on you for this, but if you would only be quite candid—"

"Do you really mean that?" Miss Dabney questioned sharply. "People sometimes say that and then resent the criticism that follows. It is almost always harsh."

"But I do, I do. This means so much to me—more than you can know. My family laugh at me, and—and—my friends. She paused a moment. "Some such dear 'friends,' she added, in a whisper.

Miss Dabney turned her eyes toward the window and looked out across the house tops, gleaming in the sun. The light must have hurt her eyes, for she winked hard. Then she rose and picked up the manuscript.

"This story," she said, looking at the girl, "is irrational and utterly devoid of point. Shall I go on?"

The girl nodded. She could not speak. She had asked for this; but did the cold woman who sat before her, passing judgment, realize that every word was a knife thrust to her life's ambition?

"It is sentimental, the incidents are irrelevant and inconsequential," Miss Dabney went on; then paused.

The girl's tense voice broke the stillness. "Tell me, do you think I could ever write? Of course, I don't mean right away," she added hastily,



A Bit of Rural Scenery near Emerson, Man.

This must have been here three weeks. Well, I might as well save her another trip," and Miss Dabney settled herself more comfortably and opened the manuscript. She read attentively for a few minutes; then laid the story down with a gesture full of pity.

"Utterly hopeless," she said, half aloud.

Why she did not toss the story into the great rejection drawer near by, why the letter that accompanied this particular manuscript appealed to her so strangely, she never could tell. Thousands of a like nature passed through her hands every month; yet this tiny, violet-scented note contained so much longing, was so fraught with hope and suspense, that it seemed to recall to her her own youthful struggles, like the memory of a half-

less you care to call me a 'gentleman.' I am the manuscript editor—Miss Dabney," and she smiled kindly.

The girl flushed a little.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

There was a pause.

"Might I steal a few minutes of your time?" she said timidly. "I know it's a great deal to ask, but—"

Miss Dabney drew up a chair with a strange throbbing at her heart. This girl was so like what she was once, before she had tried her wings to fly alone.

"I left a story here a few weeks ago," the girl went on. It was called 'Love and Honor.' Have you found time to read it yet?"

"Yes," Miss Dabney answered briefly.

"And—"

The girl paused.

"but perhaps after years and years of work. Oh, I would work so hard!"

Miss Dabney hesitated. The girl was so pitifully young and inexperienced. If she did not disillusion her, perhaps no one would. The surgeon's task always seems cruel, and yet how merciful to the needy sufferer! Then, too, she recalled the girl's flushed face when she had half whispered, "Some such dear friends." The years rolled back. Perhaps if she had had some one to point out to her the way, to help her to listen and to heed her woman's heart cry, which she had in her blind ignorance stifled, she might have been far happier—who knows? She had a certain amount of talent, at least, to compensate her for her sacrifice; but this girl might go on striving vainly all her life, and miss both success and love.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

"Do you think that all those weary years you speak of would compensate you for—for some other things?" Miss Dabney asked.

"Yes—oh, yes! Do you think there is any chance for me? Tell me, and I will abide by your decision."

Miss Dabney smiled sadly.

"I am not infallible," she said.

"But you are so clever," answered the girl. "As soon as you mentioned your name, I remembered your stories and sketches."

Miss Dabney leaned forward a little with the manuscript still in her hand.

"Judging from this, I really don't believe writing is your forte," she said.

The girl flinched, but she said never a word. Miss Dabney liked that. She admired "grit."

"My child," Miss Dabney went on, "don't waste your time on writing. There is so much more and better work you can do in the world—work that will yield a better harvest. The road to fame in any profession is long and very hard. Of the many who traverse it, but few are chosen." She paused a moment, and then went on rapidly: There is so much that is dearer in life. The glamor of success soon wears off, but friendship, love, are lasting."

The girl glanced at the speaker curiously. Was this seemingly cold editor a woman after all? What was she saying? Her family and her lover had said the same thing many times before but she had told herself they could not understand; but this woman was different—she knew.

"I had a friend once," Miss Dabney said, "who was young and very ambitious—like you." She smiled. "She sacrificed her heart's happiness for this dream. She worked and worked for years, while her first youth melted away, and she attained a little success—as the world judges it. But now, when it is too late, she realizes that Stevensons and Kiplings are not born every day, and, after all, she has missed the best in a woman's life. I tell you this, because I feel sorry for her—because it may help you."

In the girl's face was a strange, new light.

"Jerome was right, after all," she said.

"Jerome?" Miss Dabney repeated, eagerly.

The girl flushed.

"I beg your pardon—yes, Jerome Whiting—he—he's the one."

The objects in the room swam before Miss Dabney's eyes, and her visitor's voice sounded far off and indistinct. Then she had saved this girl for him! Her long, hard years of business training now stood her in good stead, and she recovered herself immediately.

"I should not have questioned you," she explained apologetically, "except that the sound of the rather unusual name attracted my attention. A very long while ago I knew a Jerome Whiting. Tell me, is this—this friend of yours from Mobile, and the son of Governor Whiting?"

"Why, to be sure he is. What a small place this world is, after all! But I can't recall his ever having men-

tioned your name. Did you know him very well?"

"We knew each other as children," Miss Dabney answered. "We used to be very intimate before—before I came North. Then we lost track of each other." Miss Dabney did not add, "after I refused him."

There was a pause.

"I have never seen him since. Till to-day I have scarcely heard of him. He is well?"

"Very well," said the girl, adding shyly, "and he says very happy."

"I am glad," Miss Dabney said.

"His father died recently, and that was a great grief to Jerome," the girl went on, not noticing how Miss Dabney winced at her familiar mention of the name. "The old place has gone to him, and he is getting it ready for me. You must come and visit us."

"Thank you," said Miss Dabney, "but I am such a busy woman, I have little leisure for long journeys. I wonder if the great magnolia by the gate is standing still. Dear me, when I remember the mud pies we used to make in its shade, and—and—" Miss Dabney had forgotten her companion.

"I do not know," said the girl, laughing happily. "I have never been there. I might have known," she added irrelevantly, "that there was some bond between us. I felt it as soon as I saw you to-day and heard your voice."

Miss Dabney did not seem to hear.

"Will you take him a message from me?" she asked; then not waiting for a reply, she went on hurriedly. "Tell him who it was who persuaded you to do this, who it was who thought less of literature than of love, and ask him if he remembers Helen Dabney. Will you do this?"

"Indeed I will," answered the girl heartily, "and he will thank you then, as I thank you now. Good-bye."

After she had left the dingy little room for the glory of the noontide sun, Miss Dabney stood still for a moment where they had parted. Then she went back to her desk, but she did not work. She picked up the rejected story the girl had forgotten, and laid her flushed cheek against it, while she turned dim, unseeing eyes toward the window. Old Trinity's clock rang out the hour. It was noon and the time for rest—and day dreams.

—X—

Howell—Don't you wish you could live your life over again?

Powell—Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing next month.

—X—

"Mrs. Gayboy seems anxious to marry off her daughters."

"Yes. They have reached an age when she can't do any more flirting while they are about."

—X—

"Why did she refuse him?" "She thought she could do better." "How strange! Girls seldom think that until after the ceremony."



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Musicians in all parts of the Dominion voluntarily voice this appreciation. In this connection the following letter from MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Principal of St. Margaret's College, Toronto, will be interesting:

Dear Sirs,—It gives me pleasure to state that the Gourlay Pianos in St. Margaret's College used in teaching by Mr. Vogt, Mr. Welsman, Miss Smart and other members of our staff, are giving entire satisfaction. The action is free and responsive, and the tone full and musical. We are pleased to have such excellent pianos for the use of our pupils, particularly as so many of them are doing advanced work. It is a matter of congratulation for Canadians that so excellent a piano is being manufactured in their own country.

Yours sincerely, M. DICKSON,

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NEW BANK TO OPEN SOON IN WINNIPEG

Leading Western Business Men Are
Behind Project—Excellent
Prospects.

That Western Canada's leading business men are fully alive to the possibilities of this country, and have unbounded confidence in its material growth, is evidenced by the step which has been taken to found a new bank in Winnipeg, to be known as the Northern, with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000, in 20,000 shares of \$100 each. On the directorate will be found the foremost men of the western business world. Among those gentlemen who have consented to act as directors upon election are: Sir Daniel McMillan, lieutenant-governor of Manitoba; the Hon. R. P. Roblin, premier of the province; James H. Ashdown, D. C. Cameron, H. M. Howell, Fred. W. Stobart, G. R. Crowe, president of the Northern Elevator Company; Capt. William Robinson, president of the Dominion Fish Company, and A. Stamford White, of Messrs. A. S. White & Co., of Liverpool and Chicago. With such gentlemen at the head of the affairs of the new bank, it is not too much to say that that institution's future is assured.

As a business proposition the individuals behind the venture need have no fears for the success of the new bank. The progress of the whole Dominion, and particularly that portion lying west of the great lakes, has been remarkable. The increase in capital employed in banking has not kept pace with the increase in the material welfare of the country, and the statement made in the prospectus issued by the provisional directors of the Northern Bank, that "there is ample scope for a new bank, particularly in the western part of the Dominion," can go uncontradicted. As an investment the stock of the Northern Bank should especially appeal to the public, and that the necessary capital will be readily subscribed does not admit of any doubt. Canadian bank stocks have proven remarkably good investments in the past, as indicated by the very high premiums at which they are now selling, the result of the success attending wise and conservative management. A powerful local bank offers special inducements for the profitable employment of Western capital, and local development will be greatly facilitated by the employment of the savings accumulated by Western thrift.

Some idea of the growth of trade in the Dominion and the opportunities for new banking facilities can be had from the following figures published in the prospectus:

"The Government trade returns for 1903 show that in the past ten years the trade of the Dominion (domestic and foreign) has more than doubled.

"The same returns show that during the same period (1893-1903) the total deposits with the chartered banks increased from \$174,776,722 in 1893 to \$424,167,140 in 1903, and at present these deposits are upwards of \$500,000,000. The total bank assets increased in the same time from \$302,696,715 in 1893 to \$614,543,226 in 1903, and are now in excess of \$725,000,000.

"In the same time the banking capital only increased from \$62,009,346 in 1893 to \$76,453,125 in 1903, and is now only \$81,613,513."

In their selection of a general manager, the gentlemen interested in the Northern Bank have been most fortunate in securing the services of J. W. de C. O'Grady, whose 35 years' experience with the premier financial institution of the Dominion, the Bank of Montreal, marks him at once as a man of sound judgment and experience in his profession. Mr. O'Grady has been trained from boyhood in the business of banking, and the fact that he has been the representative of the Bank of Montreal at New York and

Chicago, from which latter city he comes to Winnipeg, makes him at once a man of exceptional ability. To his efforts can be directly traced the great business which the Bank of Montreal has built up in the two greatest financial centres of the United States. While in Chicago he gained a unique insight into the grain trade, an experience which should prove invaluable in his new position. He is personally interested in the development and progress of the West, and is the owner of several thousand acres of farm land in the Prince Albert district. With a general manager of Mr. O'Grady's ability and a directorate of such well-known Western business men, the outlook for the success of this new institution is exceedingly bright.

Provisional offices have been opened in the Merchants Bank building, and forms of application for stock, prospectuses, and all other information can be obtained from S. S. Cummins, secretary. It is the intention to issue at present 10,000 shares, at \$100 a share, and the subscription books are now open.

A Good Story.

Premier Roblin told a good story a short time ago at a dinner given in Winnipeg. Said he: "I was travelling through the extreme end of the Province of Manitoba and the hour being noon I was invited by a resident of the locality to take dinner at his house, which was a little distance away. During the meal the conversation took a turn on books, the good lady of the house remarking that she had two standard works in the house. In reply to the premier's inquiry as to what they were, she said one was the Bible and the other was Eaton's catalogue."

Eaton's new fall catalogue is just out and is probably the most comprehensive of the kind ever issued by the firm.

It contains complete information about their goods and prices, and is profusely illustrated.

Any reader of The Western Home Monthly can have a copy of the new catalogue by writing the T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg, and giving their name and address and mentioning The Western Home Monthly.

Are You a Sportsman?

The shooting season is now about due and with the sportsman the question of the hour is: Can I afford to treat myself to a new gun?

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., of Winnipeg, make a special offer to sportsmen on page 29 in this month's issue of The Western Home Monthly. They offer shooting outfit No. 2 consisting of a single barrel breech loading gun, 12 or 16 gauge, choke bored, nitro steel barrel, in canvas cover, delivered free for \$7.75. Their offer of outfit No. 12, consisting of a double barreled Spencer interchangeable gun, Damascus barrels, rebounding locks, together with 25 loaded shells and re-loading set, the whole outfit complete for \$14.50, delivered free to any address in the country.

Scarcely if ever is such a gigantic bargain offered in a modern firearm, and the sportsman who misses this chance will wait a long while probably before such an opportunity presents itself again.

Our milkman is a wonder,
Though strange the fact may seem,
The fluid that he sells is pure
And yields up real cream.
You wonder how he does it,
And I will tell you how;
He has no "laboratory"—he
Just gets it from the cow.

A gentleman bought a new variety of potatoes and told his gardener to be sure and plant them far enough apart. "Well, Sam, did you plant the potatoes as far apart as I told you?" Sam—"I did, sir. I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are four miles apart."

MAIL COURSE DEPARTMENT

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ASKED AND ANSWERED

Questions such as the following are very frequently asked us and will likely prove interesting to the Prospective Mail Course Student. :: :: :: ::

Q. Can thorough courses of instruction be given by Mail in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Penmanship?

Answer.—Most assuredly they can. We will stake our reputation on the results, where the student of even ordinary ability takes any of our courses, applies himself diligently to the work, and does his part honestly and perseveringly.

Q. Can as thorough courses of instruction be given by mail as could be given to the student were he in regular attendance?

Ans.—With the ordinary student who might be lacking in perseverance, we could not undertake to give such a one as thorough training by mail as we could give to him were he under our daily supervision in this institution. WE WOULD NOT BE DEALING HONESTLY WITH HIM WERE WE TO SAY WE COULD. Not because our courses by mail are lacking in the slightest, as we believe there is nothing superior to them on the Continent, and perhaps nothing equal to them, but simply because it would be unreasonable to expect that any course of instruction given at long range can be as effective as that given to the student who is in continued personal

contact with the different members of our staff and has an opportunity of doing business daily with his fellow students in this institution as well as those of our Grand Rapids School. We are engaged in the Mail Course work to stay in it, and are determined to win the confidence of the business and general public through the merits of our work alone.

WE BELIEVE THAT, AS SOON AS THE MERITS OF OUR MAIL COURSES BECOME BETTER KNOWN, WE WILL HAVE THOUSANDS OF STUDENTS WHERE WE NOW HAVE HUNDREDS. THE MAIL COURSE DEPARTMENT OF THIS SCHOOL NOW STANDS IN THE FRONT RANK AMONG THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS OF THIS CONTINENT.

Our reputation as business instructors covers a period of thirty-three years, and the student who gets his instruction by mail, or whose circumstances will allow him to come to Chatham, may rest assured that he is getting the best that Canada can give, and we believe no other Correspondence or Business School on the Continent can offer any better. We have every confidence in our ability to fully support these statements, and can furnish most convincing facts to uphold them.

IF CIRCUMSTANCES WILL ALLOW YOU TO COME TO CHATHAM, BY ALL MEANS DO SO, AND WRITE FOR CATALOGUE H. WE ALLOW \$8.00 ON RAILWAY FARE AND CAN SECURE YOU GOOD BOARD AND ROOM AT \$2.50 TO \$2.75 PER WEEK. IF YOU CANNOT COME TO CHATHAM, WRITE FOR CATALOGUE C AND TAKE TRAINING BY MAIL.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES I. GORDON

HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC.

A young man writes to us asking the question: "How shall I become a public speaker?" The question is an important one. There is no telling when a man may be called upon to "make a speech" or preside over a meeting. I listened to a millionaire the other day who attempted to preside at a social function. He could make money, no one doubted that fact. He possessed ideas and an abundance of common sense—his great business establishment was sufficient proof of his mental force and intellectual power. But his attempt at public speaking was a dismal failure. He could not be heard four feet from the place where he stood.

HOW TO TALK.

The best public speakers are platform conversationalists. They are the most natural people in the world. They speak on the platform as they would talk in the parlor. They talk to an audience of one thousand persons with apparently as much ease, and without any more effort that they would make in addressing a company of twenty-five persons in an ordinary parlor. They do not attempt to "preach," or "orate," or "wax eloquent," or "reach a climax," although they may unconsciously do all of these at times. They just talk. They do it so naturally you never imagine they are "speaking." They take you into their confidence. They talk to an audience of fifteen hundred as a commercial traveller would talk to a customer. There is power in directness—in the personal appeal—in the colloquial style.

HOW TO HANDLE AN AUDIENCE.

A successful public speaker knows how to do four things. He knows how to handle an audience. He knows how to handle himself. He knows how to handle his voice. He knows how to handle his subject. There is a great difference in the kinds of audiences which a public speaker is called upon to address. A successful retail merchant must be a good judge of human nature, and a successful public speaker is a man who knows the calibre and quality of an audience. It is more important to know how to begin your address than to know "How to reach a climax." To get in touch with the men and women who are seated before you and to do this inside of the first five minutes, is an achievement worth study and effort. What you need is an audience to practice upon. If you would learn to swim—plunge in. If you would learn to speak, join a Debating Society. If none exists in your neighborhood, organize one. Gladstone made his first political speech in a college literary club. Literary societies and debating clubs have furnished the bulk of the material out of which orators, politicians and statesmen have been made. Get on your feet. Get your mouth opened. Know the luxury of speaking your mind on some subject near to your heart.

HOW TO HANDLE YOURSELF.

Self possession is a fine thing in a public speaker. When an audience believes that the man on the platform is "master of the situation" half the victory is won. Thorough preparation is at the very foundation of self-possession. To have something to say, and faith in your ability to say it, is vital to the success of a public speaker. But you must know the law of your own body and the requirements of your own temperament. Many a well-prepared speaker fails because he does not know how to handle his body. I have been informed scores of times by friends interested in my health and success that I ought to eat "a hearty meal" in order to preach a good sermon. But with me the hearty meal spoils the good sermon. I can do more, mentally, on a cup of tea and a piece of toast than I can on a hearty meal of beefsteak and potatoes. A full stomach and a full mind seldom operate well together. The physical element is an important one in public speaking. Beecher, Brooks, Moody and Spurgeon were men of splendid physical equipment. Study the relationship of the body to the brain.

HOW TO HANDLE YOUR SUBJECT.

After all I suppose the main thing is to have something to say. And why should a man desire to speak unless he had something to say? And how shall he have something to say unless he is a student and a thinker. There is no such thing as extemporaneous speaking, if the term is intended to exclude the idea of all previous preparation. In public speaking what seems to be the most "off-hand" has been longest on hand. Dr. Talmage, at the height of his fame, would not talk in public for ten minutes without making most careful preparation. But what is preparation? Preparation consists of two things, namely: Reading and Thinking. "Where do you get your ideas?" said somebody to Chas. H. Spurgeon. His answer was: "When I read a book I pull the ideas out of the pages as a man might pull the hairs out of his head." And his sermons were full of ideas. Men called him an uneducated man, but he had a great library and was a lover of books.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.

Above all things learn to think. Of Abraham Lincoln it was said that he read less and thought more than any man of his generation. A thinking man is God's best friend and the devil's strongest enemy. A man who dares to think and has the courage of his convictions is a most charming character to every one who loves the truth. The most attractive quality in a public speaker is sincerity.

A STRONG MEMORY.

A strong memory indicates a strong mind. In whatever particular your memory is strong in that particular your mind is strong. In whatever direction your memory is weak in that direction your mind is weak. When your memory is gone your mind is gone. Cultivate your reach.

Russell H. Conwell, the eloquent Baptist divine of Philadelphia, possesses a most remarkable memory. He can make a mental photograph of things. For instance, he can make a mental photograph of a page of a book and repeat a paragraph to his congregation on Sunday morning without reference to book or pamphlet. What a God-send to a preacher or an orator.

But what you need is not "a remarkable memory," but such a cultivation of your mental powers as will assist you in your own particular vocation. You can file a record or write an order, but what you need is an obedient mind, able faithfully to recall the facts of the past when the file and the record are both beyond your reach.

GLADSTONE'S MEMORY.

Wm. E. Gladstone had great command of his mental faculties. When somebody contradicted him in the House of Commons concerning a statement made with reference to Sir Robert Peel, he quickly turned to his page instructing him to go immediately to No. 10 Downing Street, the Colonial Secretary's office. "You will find," said he to the messenger, "in my desk, on the right-hand side, in the third drawer from the top, three inches from the opening of drawer, a package marked 'R. P. 1840.' Bring it to me and I will settle this question immediately."

Gladstone's memory served him as a true servant. He had it trained and drilled for the special needs of his calling and profession. A trained memory is better than "a remarkable memory." A cultivated memory acts as a true and faithful servant. How shall we secure such a memory?

OLLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Keen attention and close analysis is the secret of true memory cultivation. Whatever you know thoroughly and in all its parts, that you have memorized. They said of Olliver Wendell Holmes, when a student in Andover College, that he would rivet his eyes on

the book which he was studying as though he were reading a will that made him heir to a million. He possessed strength because he had cultivated the power of mental concentration.

NAMES AND FACES.

A friend said to me: "I have a good memory for faces, but a poor memory for names." Every man has a good memory for faces. Anybody can recognize a face which he has seen somewhere before. But to recall and link with the face the proper name—this is a remarkable achievement. James G. Blaine could do it, and do it to perfection. How did he do it?

How did James G. Blaine memorize the names of his friends? Did he possess any special gift? No. Nothing more than simply close attention to the name and the individual at the moment of introduction. The reason you forgot the name of the friend to whom you were introduced was because you were thinking of some thing else at the moment of meeting. Be true to your memory and your memory will be true to you.

QUALITY IN LITERATURE.

Men have been made famous by one book, by one poem, by one speech, by one sentence, by one act. George Eliot read two hundred books with a special purpose in view before writing one of her most important novels. Macaulay in writing his "History of England" built each paragraph as an artist would paint a picture, spending twelve hours a day in the production of two pages. Virgil wrote only four lines of poetry a week, but his writings have lasted for two thousand years. Quality is the test of literature. Macaulay is right when he says: "The fate of a book depends upon what there is in it."

QUALITY IS THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

When Booker T. Washington was going to Boston to make his first speech before a New England audience he asked his friend, Gen. Armstrong, principal of the Hampton Normal Institute, to give him a suggestion as to the best way of capturing and holding an audience made up of cool and critical New England Yankees. General Armstrong's answer was significant. He said: "Booker, give them an idea for every word." In other words put quality into what you say. Let your utterances have a certain mental calibre and your expressions thrill with intellectual quality. "Give them an idea for every word."

QUALITY IN SACRED SONGS.

Men have been made immortal by writing one hymn or poem, the words and sentiment of which have so expressed the emotions of the human heart that humanity will not permit the memory of the writer to die. Charles Wesley wrote seven thousand hymns. He is best known as the author of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Isaac Watts wrote eight hundred hymns, but the one which crowned him with immortality was "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Phillip Doddridge wrote four hundred hymns, but his literary fame rests on that one hymn of decision, "O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice." Bishop Herber wrote sixty hymns, but only one comes to mind when his name is mentioned. We love him for his grand missionary poem, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

SHAKESPEARE AND EMERSON

Shakespeare lives in literature because of the quality of his writings. Every page flashes and flames with mental power and beauty. Open a volume of the writings of William Shakespeare at any page and your hand rests on a literary gem. Ralph Waldo Emerson congested and expressed his thoughts in short sentences. He used to rise at midnight in order to write them down. He caught them on the wing—by-the-bye, that is the way most thoughts are caught. Mrs. Emerson would awaken at 2 a.m. and find her husband prowling around in the dark looking for a pencil and paper-pad. "What is the matter, my dear; are you sick?" "No, my dear, I am not sick; I've got a new idea, that's all," the philosopher would reply. Emerson affirmed that he could not make his ideas stick together, but his pages are rich in thought.

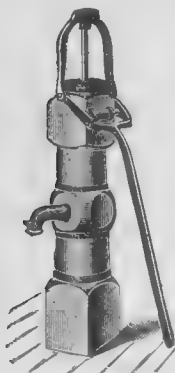
In the next issue Mr. Gordon will answer a number of important questions which have been addressed to him by subscribers and readers of The Western Home Monthly.

STAMMERERS

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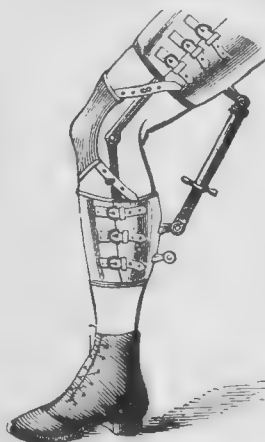
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THE MAID AND THE MONEY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

THE maid rode slowly down into the coulee, holding Baby's reins loosely in one hand, while she devoured the contents of a letter written upon "the very latest" in stationery.

She had read the letter before leaving the post office, but that did not matter. Much reflection had demanded the exact wording of certain sentences. Just now she was endeavoring to read what the writer had left unsaid—a very absorbing process, as many of us can testify.

"I'll bet they think I'm next thing to a blanket Indian!" she asserted to Baby's sentient ears. "They'd never think of asking me, if it wasn't for—that shows what money will do. I'll go, just to show them I'm half white, anyhow."

Baby threw up his head and glanced back up the hill, and the maid gathered up the reins mechanically, thinking the while, of a certain "tailor-made" she had seen in the catalogue which Mame Brownlee had got from Winnipeg. She thought she could send for the costume; it cost thirty-eight dollars and ninety cents, but she could afford it now—yes, and a dozen more just like it. There was a certain exhilaration in the thought.

"Steady, Baby!"

She wondered how she would look in one of those "straight fronts." She didn't like the look of them a bit, but she supposed they were all the rage, and she'd have to get used to them.

She had not yet decided which would yield the greater satisfaction to herself and balm to her wounded feelings—to sail in upon her supercilious cousins an up-to-date, tailor-made young woman, or to drop down upon them as they evidently expected to see her—a dowdyish hoyden from "out West." If she did that she would take with her a trunkful of stunning things and blossom out suddenly, to their amazement and chagrin. And she would not use any slang or bad grammar. She wondered if her cousins ever said "ain't" or "won't." Oh, well, she could speak correctly enough, if she only took the pains to remember, but it was a perfect nuisance. She would almost as soon stay home and be done with it.

Here Baby gave a shrill, welcoming whinny, and the maid awoke to her surroundings and looked behind her. A horseman was galloping steadily down the road, the hoofbeats stilled in the loose sand. The girl faced quickly to the front and waited with elaborate indifference.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she greeted coolly, when he slowed to a walk beside her, and folded her letter deliberately. She wanted to ask him why he had not been near the ranch for the last month, but instead she remarked politely that it was a nice day.

The man smiled ironically and slid over in the saddle so that the foot nearest her was withdrawn from the stirrup.

"Very nice day," he acquiesced, gravely. "It looked a little like rain this morning, but the wind changed and drove the clouds south of us. I expect it sprinkled some, along the Highwoods. The weather bureau has a shower due to-morrow, if it don't switch off and go somewhere else. This has been a backward—"

The maid shot a sidelong glance from under her lashes.

"Oh, shut up!" she commanded, and smiled reluctantly.

"Come down off your stilts, then," admonished the man. "You know better than to go talking weather to me—how are you, anyhow?"

"If you had wanted to know very bad, you'd have come to see," she said, resentfully, and immediately bit her lip till it was painful. She had not

meant to show that she had noticed his absence.

The man looked at her keenly.

"Did you want me to come?" he asked.

The maid tossed her head.

"I wasn't particular, but I did wonder if you was huffy about something. I don't know as it mattered, though, if you had been."

"I hear you're going back East," said he, wisely changing the subject.

"Who told you that?" demanded she, facing him squarely for the first time.

"Billy said you told him so. He said some of your high-toned relations had been writing to you to go and make 'em a visit. I suppose—cynically—you'll go back there and buy an automobile and a snub-nosed poodle dog and be a howling sport."

"Maybe—and maybe not. A good saddle horse suits me pretty well—but I'll buy me an automobile, too, most likely. I ain't so dead sure about the dogs. I ain't stuck on dogs a little bit."

"It's for all the world like those two-bit novels," said the man, complainingly. "When it ain't an Eastern girl that comes West and stampedes all the cowpunchers off their range, it's a Western girl that has a big wad of money left to her by an uncle—yours was an uncle, wasn't it?—and goes East to her swell relations and cuts into the upper crust—and so on."

"Well, you have to go somewhere to have things happen," contended the maid. "I'd never know the first thing about life, if I stayed here always. It's the same old thing, year after year—riding horseback over the hills, talking to cowpunchers and going to a dance once a month in the winter time. I want to get out where I can see something—and—and live!"

"That's all right," said he, tentatively, "but I've known people that lived and were happy, and never had to stray off the home range to do it, either. And I never heard them complain about not knowing life. But, of course, things ain't like they used to be with you." There was a note of regret in his voice. "A month ago you was just Rena Jackson, and a fellow couldn't be called crazy if he did have some hopes of throwing a loop over your head, one of these days. Now, you've got money to burn—and the home range is too small to burn it in. A quarter of a million does make a person feel different, I reckon."

"I gave pa half of it," said the maid, simply, "to buy him a bunch of thoroughbred stock. He always did want to work into thoroughbreds. He's going East to look at some. I tried to make him take the rest of the money to use, but he wouldn't. He said for me to spend it myself and have a good time with it. I don't know where to start in, though. I got me an awful sweet little gold watch and chain, and this ring. It's a real diamond, and it cost a hundred and fifty dollars." She drew off a gauntlet to show him, and a weight lifted from his heart as he leaned over to look.

Gossip had told him of the ring, and gossip had assured him that it was an engagement ring.

"And I bought Baby of Jack McCarty," went on the maid. "I always did want him awfully bad."

"Want Jack McCarty?" The man could afford to tease, now that he had been set right concerning the ring.

"Sure thing!" The maid's tone was ironical in the extreme. They were drifting back to their old manner, and she laughed contagiously at thought of wanting Jack McCarty, the half-witted sheep man who had owned Baby. "Baby's the finest little saddle horse in the country," she asserted, confidentially. "He is

awfully gentle, but he's always full of go. I wish I could take him with me, but I can't. And I hate to leave him at the ranch for the boys to ride to death—" she paused, suggestively.

"Better leave him with me," he volunteered, just as she had hoped he would do. "You know I'll take good care of him, and I'll see that nobody rides him—"

"You can, if you want to," returned she, much relieved at the offer. "It won't hurt him a bit. But the boys haven't any judgment about a horse. They'd ride him to death just to run down a jack rabbit—oh, look over there!" They had ridden to higher ground and the maid was pointing off to the right excitedly. "See that coyote, eating off that dead sheep. Think we can get him?"

For answer, the man began quickly to untie his coiled rope. There was a laugh in his brown eyes, as he glanced at the maid from under his hat-brim.

"Coyotes are a heap harder to run down than jack rabbits," he reminded her, but the maid was off and away, calling over her shoulder:

"Hurry up! He's started!"

The man pressed his spurred heels against his horse's sides and darted after her, thankful that he had chosen the fleetest horse in his string for this day's ride.

The coyote had halted an instant to sniff the air suspiciously, but this sudden move frightened him. He dropped his head, straightened his long body in a long leap, and a gray streak slid rapidly away over the prairie grass.

"Baby!" The maid leaned forward with glowing cheeks. Baby answered the call by thrusting forward his nose and laying back his ears.

"Gee, he can go, all right!" shouted the man approbatively, and the red lips of the maid parted in a smile. She was leading the race by a length, and Bert Rogers was riding Flopper—Flopper, who held the proud record of setting half the boys afoot on circle twice that spring.

But Flopper had galloped hard and long at his master's behest, that the man might gaze into the dangerous depths of the maid's blue eyes. Baby had loitered dreamily along the trail and was unwearied. The maid did not consider this. Her mind was dwelling upon the prospective double triumph of running down a coyote and of outdistancing Flopper. If she could only do both, she felt that she might count this day well spent. Bert Rogers would be fittingly punished for holding himself aloof this last, long, eventful month.

The gray streak slipped into a wash-out and out again, speeding up the opposite slope. Baby, coming after, cleared the deep gully with a bound and took the hill at a run. Flopper cleared also, and thundered up the hill four paces behind. The maid looked back and smiled tantalizingly at the man, but he resisted the temptation of striking with his spurs. The chase was but fairly begun, and Flopper was notoriously a "stayer." Bert felt that he could afford to wait. Flopper would get his "second wind" and beat Baby yet—Baby and the maid. With him it was not so much a question of catching the coyote as of holding his own—yes, and a little better—with Baby and the maid.

The summit gained, there was a level two miles of running, with badger holes to dodge and an occasional sunken boulder to avoid. Flopper crept up to Baby's flank, then ran fairly alongside. The maid eyed him apprehensively and looked ahead at the gray streak, which was larger now and longer, but which still slipped unswervingly away before them, making unequivocally for the "breaks" which guarded the river.

"We're gaining ground," said the man, triumphantly—and ambiguously. Whether he meant in love or in the chase—or both—he did not explain.

"We must head him out of the breaks," said the maid, doubtfully. "Once he gets in there, he's gone. We can't follow."

"I know it," returned the man, and glanced critically at Baby's splendid

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

running. Could he afford to turn aside in a wide half circle and give the maid the advantage of a straight run? But could he let Rena make the detour?

"You keep straight on ahead," he commanded, suddenly. "I'll ride around and turn him back toward the level."

For a full minute the maid wavered. Bert was already circling off to the left, leaning low in his saddle, watchful, determined. She twitched Baby's rein and followed him. If she won, it must be fairly. She would not allow his chivalry to give her an advantage, just because she was a woman. It must be as man to man.

Bert, hearing hoof-beats behind him, turned his head just as the maid raised her whip and struck Baby the first blow she had ever given him. Again they rode side by side, neither speaking, but both understanding that it was not the coyote—it was a trial of speed between them.

The coyote halted long enough to observe this new tactic, stretched his tense muscles, lowered his head and swung regretfully away from the refuge for which he hungered. He was full from feasting and his speed was past. He took to dodging and turning this way and that, in a vain effort to shake off his pursuers. His head drooped lower, his bushy tail dragged in the crisp, prairie grass. He heard the man give a shrill, exulting whoop, and terror gripped his heart. He wheeled short off and dove into a shallow, grassy coulee. There were great deserted badger holes in the clay banks on the farther side. He would creep into one—back, back into the hill, where it was dark and cool and silent.

But the coulee was wide and the nearer rim but a gentle slope, down which the horses thundered like a whirlwind—and Flopper was holding his own and, having found his second wind, was holding it without visible effort. The maid could understand now how the cowboys felt when they saw Bert saddling Flopper to lead circle. Baby was straining every muscle to keep alongside, and the whip had stung his flank many times in the last half mile.

The gray streak had resolved itself into a tired, panic-stricken animal, crouching nearer to earth and running heavily. The man straightened in his saddle and widened the loop in his rope, holding the coiled surplus loosely in his left hand and with the free end tied securely to the saddle horn.

"He's our meat now," he remarked with much satisfaction, and spurred Flopper nearer. The coyote ducked warily and whirled away, but to the horse trained to dodge back and forth in a herd cutting out cattle, this was but child's play. He wheeled and kept pace with the quarry.

The man's arm uplifted and the loop circled, slowly at first, then faster, cutting the air with a subdued "who-o-o, who-o-o" till, with a sudden swish, it shot through the intervening space and settled relentlessly over the slim gray body and tightened as the man turned his horse away and braced himself—but not on account of the coyote. He must meet Flopper's inherent distaste of being pressed into service as a temporary anchor.

Horses, like men, have individual peculiarities of temperament, and Flopper was no exception to the rule. He would run until his knees weakened under him, and do it gladly. He would dodge and turn an animal and think it good fun, though his sides were wet with perspiration. He would not settle back as a good rope horse should do, to hold captive even a jack rabbit. He had a way of expressing his objection which was forcible and convincing, and Bert Rogers knew it, but he took the chance. Even Flopper could not always buck, and when he had finished there would still be the coyote fast in the loop—perhaps. As I said before, Bert Rogers took the chance. And there was the maid, sitting upon her panting chestnut, watching him intently. "Oh!" The maid did not know of Flopper's prejudice, and was not pre-

pared for his acrobatic outbreak. She retreated a short distance up the slope and waited respectfully while he vented his spleen at the fancied indignity, and watched the superb horsemanship of the man with eyes and quick, in-drawn breaths, while the coyote was yanked unceremoniously this way and that, passively yielding.

And then Flopper did an unforgivable thing. He reared straight up and went careening recklessly over backward, and with him went the man. The maid gave a sharp, horrified cry and dashed forward, just as Flopper picked himself up and shook himself with guilty defiance. He walked off a few steps and stopped, eyeing his master inquiringly.

He had not meant to kill the fellow, but he meant to convince him once for all that he was not a rope horse. Even a horse cannot have a dozen specialties, and his specialty was speed and endurance. He hoped Bert Rogers would remember that fact hereafter. The coyote raised his head and gazed stupidly at the group, too weary and disheartened to think of escape.

The maid knelt and lifted the man's head in her arms. He was not "deathly pale," as is proper to fallen heroes—but then, he was so dreadfully tanned. And his forehead, when she pushed back the mass of damp hair, did look rather white. The maid bent impulsively and kissed the white streak. Then, seeing he did not move, she grew bolder and laid her lips upon his—once, twice.

The man opened his eyes and looked quizzically up at her and the maid blushed furiously. His eyes did not hold the shadow of death, or even of pain silently borne. There was amusement—and something beside.

"Are you hurt?" She could think of nothing else to say.

"Er—yes, I think I am." The man lied, and she knew it. She would have withdrawn her arms indignantly from around his neck, but the man held them there. And he was not noticeably weak. "Rena," he said, solemnly, "if it wasn't for that cussed money of yours I'd ask you to marry me."

"I—you—maybe I can get pa to take the rest," said she, demurely, looking away to where Flopper was staring haughtily at the coyote, which was striving furtively to creep away. Flopper was so incensed at the effrontery of the beast that he settled back and was holding the rope taut of his own accord, which is added proof that some horses come near to being human.

"I wish to goodness you would," said the man, still holding her hands tightly in his. "I wondered, just as I was going over, if you would care if I got killed—so I laid still till I found out. Oh, you can't get loose!"

"But the coyote will," ventured the maid, evasively.

"If it wasn't for the money," persisted the man, "if I had asked you two months ago, would you—"

"Yes, I would—so there!" flashed the maid, tempestuously. "And I don't care for the old money, anyhow. And I don't want to go East and ride in any old automobile, or wear straight front dresses—or anything."

The man's eyes smiled up at her. "The home range is good enough, eh?"

He drew her head gently downward till their lips met.

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MILLIONAIRE RAFFERTY

AN EPISODE IN THE BRIEF THEATRICAL CAREER OF
SYBIL FRANKLIN Written specially for The Western Home Monthly



THEIR train arrived so late at Fielding that the Sybil Franklin Company went supperless to the theatre. During the banquet scene in the first act, Melville, the character man, whispered lugubrious asides to the young star regarding this distressful circumstance.

Sybil laughed. Her uncle, John Franklin, the famous tragedian, had prophesied many worse experiences than this when she told him she was going out as a leading lady. John Franklin, indeed, was very unwilling that his niece should be an actress at all. He was rich enough to retire, and he wanted Sybil to keep house for him. After a season or two of little parts in her uncle's company, Sybil sensed the situation and signed with Moses Dana, a manager who played week stands in the smaller cities, and who engaged Sybil on account of her name, for her talent, to tell the truth, was inconsiderable.

"You see, it's kill or cure," she explained to Mr. Franklin.

"And what if you fail?" he demanded.

"If we fail," Sybil answered, "you may buy the place in Westchester, and your housekeeper will be ready."

"Do you mean that, my dear?" asked her uncle.

"I do mean that," she said. "I'm satisfied with the bargain. If Moses Dana closes his season before April I'm through with the stage. But we'll finish it—you see—by hook or crook!"

"You'll learn the hooks and crooks with Dana," rejoined the tragedian. "I like your ambition, Sybil. But you'll find it isn't everything."

"What is, then?"

"In a woman, womanliness."

"But I am an artist," concluded Sybil, resolutely. "And I am not to be balked by womanliness, Uncle John."

Between the acts on that Monday night in Fielding, Sybil went to the edge of the curtain and peered out at the auditorium. It was well filled. She nodded reassuringly at Melville, who stood behind her.

"A good house," she said.

"Paper!" grunted Melville mournfully. "Oh, by Jove, look at the box!"

The Fielding Academy of Music boasts of two boxes, and in the one opposite Sybil a tall, gray-haired man was taking the solitary seat. Underneath a voluminous light overcoat he wore evening clothes; in place of a necktie glistened a diamond. He laid an opera hat on the railing, waved a white-gloved hand at the leader of the orchestra, and pulled back the lace curtain so that he could survey the house. His spectacular entrance made a stir. A ripple of laughter ran through the audience. The gallery whistled, and the man beamed with gratification. His pink face was absurdly simple and childish.

"Now, who in the world is that?" inquired Melville of the stage carpenter.

"Oh, that's Millionaire Rafferty," said the carpenter, grinning. "Ain't he a peach? Say, a year ago he was selling tickets in this theatre. Come into a fortune since. Has that there box every show night. Nothin's too good for Rafferty. Why, he keeps bachelor hall in the bridal suite at the hotel. All ready, second act!"

The play was a costume piece, in which Sybil looked particularly handsome. The young actress was accustomed to consider admiration entirely impersonally, and merely as a part of her professional stock in trade, but when Millionaire Rafferty leaned over the box-rail and applauded extravagantly, Miss Franklin caught Melville's eye and felt slightly uncomfortable. Her discomfort was in-

creased by the thought that in the next act her part required the disguise of masculine dress.

Heretofore the change had never seemed of more consequence than a change of wigs; but now Sybil entered for the disguise scene in a tiny flutter of trepidation, glancing at the box. Millionaire Rafferty faced the gallery, where several spectators were showing their approval of Sybil's trim figure by vulgar, good-natured exclamations.

"Hush!" hissed Rafferty angrily. "Silence!"

The next morning she found an expensive and extremely ugly bouquet at her place at the breakfast table in the hotel dining-room. The donor's name was not attached.

"Who sent these flowers?" Sybil asked the waitress.

The girl mumbled an incoherent reply.

"Won't you please take them as a present from me?" said the leading lady, sweetly, and gave them to the servant, who giggled and bore the flowers to the kitchen.

Sybil had a discreet glimpse of Mr. Rafferty in the corridor. Out of the

"Actable? I should say it was!" cried Dana emphatically. "Why, look how we can advertise it! This Rafferty is notorious. It'll be a tremendous winner here for us—tremendous!"

"But have you read——"

"Yes, I've read it," pursued the excited manager, "and it's all right. I it runs queer, and we can fix it good enough at rehearsals." He bustled to the door. "I'll have the parts copied and get things going."

"One moment," interposed Sybil. "I want to be sure we're treating the author in good faith."

"Miss Franklin," said Dana sternly, "it's this, or close. As for good faith I tell you that any new author is lucky to have a play produced at all. And when he's rolling in money—why, does he mind?"

Sybil was silent. She hardly knew what to say. She could not announce her suspicion that Mr. Rafferty's motive was his admiration of her beauty. Millionaires could afford to produce plays, and it certainly was her business to act plays. Dana hurried from the parlor with a sigh of relief.

At the theatre Sybil shared a dressing-room with Mrs. Dana, a motherly placid lady whom Miss Franklin loved. It was Mrs. Dana who introduced Rafferty to the leading lady behind the scenes. The diamond collar-button was missing, but his costume was grotesquely sumptuous. He had pale, tremulous blue eyes, with an odd, pleading expression in them,



Methodist Sunday School Picnic, July 3rd, 1905, on the Farm of Mr. Thos. Hall, Ninga, Man.

tail of her eye she could see that he studiously disregarded her.

Late in the afternoon Sybil received a call from her manager.

"I promised to let you know when business was real bad, Miss Franklin," began Dana. "Well, things is commencing to look awful!"

Sybil flinched.

"We've only two months more of the season to play, Mr. Dana. Can't we——"

"I've got some towns booked in April," interrupted Dana. "If we can tide over this month we'll pull out fine; but I've had to miss three salary days already, and I can't raise a cent. I was thinking that if you wrote to your uncle——"

"For money?" broke in Sybil hotly.

"I'd die sooner!"

"Then we'll have to close," said Dana, "and that settles it."

Sybil stared at the dingy carpet of her parlor, and winked back the tears. Her ambition was very dear to her.

"Can nothing be done?" she faltered.

Dana started up with surprising cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes, I've a scheme, of course," he said briskly. "An old chap in this town has written a play and wants us to produce it. He's rich—kind of a local magnate—and he'll put up all the cash we want for the production."

"Rafferty!" breathed Sybil.

"That's his name," assented Dana.

"But his play—it can't be actable!"

and his mouth was loose and indecisive. Sybil listened with the most distant politeness while the invited manager's wife to drive with him. Mrs. Dana excused herself kindly.

"I got a real nice double rig, Miss Franklin," hinted the millionaire. "Yes, ma'am, a real nice one."

Miss Franklin pleaded press of work. She had not even looked at her part in Mr. Rafferty's drama. The author bowed preposterously, and Sybil, laughing, crossed the stage to Melville.

"Have you read 'Mated at Last'?" asked the actor sadly.

"That ridiculous man's play? No. Is it queer?"

Melville rolled his eyes.

"It's unspeakable," he groaned. "Alice in Wonderland" is 'Hamlet' beside it."

"Why, Dana said it would act!" stammered the leading lady.

"Oh, Dana! What does he care?" said Melville. "This play is simply idiotic—as one might expect from a love-crazed author!" and he shook a blue manuscript reproachfully at Sybil.

Danger flashed in Miss Franklin's eyes. She secured a copy of "Mated at Last," and dipped into it in the privacy of her dressing-room. A few glances were enough. The play was illiterate, incoherent nonsense.

Sybil sent for Dana. She was in a wretched temper, chiefly at her own folly.

"But it's too late to give it up now!" protested the manager fervent-

ly. "The contracts are made. We're bound—bound by law to Rafferty. He won't let us off. Do you think we can afford to pay a forfeit when we can't pay hotel bills? Do you want to close now, when by tiding over this week—"

Dana was experienced in feminine moods, but he mistook Sybil's speechless indignation for complaisance, and smiled affably as she swept out into the corridor. There, while her indignation was at high mark, she encountered the millionaire.

"You were kind enough to ask me to drive, Mr. Rafferty," she remarked. "Shall we say to-morrow afternoon?"

It was a sunny spring day, and Sybil enjoyed the velvety air and the country roads so much that she dismissed "Mated at Last" until Rafferty should turn his pair of blacks citywards. In the meantime he talked, mostly about himself, in a piping but rather pleasant voice, and with a sort of innocent, juvenile prolixity which mildly amused her. His commonplaceness was occasionally dreary but always harmless.

He had been all his life connected with the local theatre. A brother had willed him his money. He had no relatives. Gossip, of course, had overestimated his fortune. A big splash came cheap in a place like Fielding. All the same, he certainly had enjoyed himself.

"I should think so," responded Sybil idly. "These pretty horses, for instance—"

Rafferty interrupted her.

"I won't mind giving them up, now I've had a chance to drive you around," he said, not ungracefully.

"Giving them up?"

"Can't keep 'em no longer," Rafferty explained. "They eat a lot, horses do."

Miss Franklin had a fine, wholesome contempt for parsimony, and she also had an expressive face. Her escort drew in his breath with a meditative whistle.

"Guess what I'll be worth after next week," he suggested.

Sybil gasped.

"Twenty-four dollars," announced Millionaire Rafferty placidly. "Twenty-four dollars in money."

The actress counted the cracks in the dashboard. There was little reason why Rafferty's circumstances should concern her; nevertheless she was conscious of a vague pity, womanly and inartistic.

"Nobody knows it, I reckon," he went on. "But I want you to know it." He leaned forward to unwind his whip. "I've a particular reason for wanting you to know all about me. For why? For the reason that you're a dream to me—a dream come true. Geddap!" he concluded, flicking the off horse.

His sentimental quaver brought Sybil up sharply out of her little wave of sympathy.

"I'm much too businesslike for a vision, Mr. Rafferty," she said briskly. "Business is the point of this drive. You see, I'm anxious to speak to you about your play."

"That's all the same," he asserted. "That's part of my dream. You and my plays. Dreams that's come true!"

Remembering the uncouth manuscript in her desk, Sybil felt that she ought to laugh, but she watched the gray hills silently. Somehow she was not amused.

"You mustn't mind my speaking out, ma'am," said the millionaire, "now that the future is some settled. I knew long since that I could write plays, but I never had a chance till that money came. Then 'twas the first thing I thought of—that and sitting in the box every night at the theatre—and finding you."

"But you knew nothing about me then," interposed Sybil somewhat desperately.

"I didn't know your name, ma'am, nor what you looked like, but I knew you was somewheres. Understand? And when I'd wrote the play I couldn't show it to anybody. For why? It needed something. It needed you. So now we're all right."

"Mr. Rafferty, I'm going to prove my friendship," she said.

"You've done that already," Rafferty

ty eagerly assured her. "Yes, ma'am, when you had my flowers sent up to your room that morning, as they told me. And when you're touring in 'Mated at Last,' the way Dana says you will, and I'm with you, writing new plays for you, and you in every one—ah, that'll be friendship! That'll be life! That'll be worth waiting for!"

His thin voice trembled, his face was transfigured by gratitude. Sybil grasped the side rail of the trap convulsively.

"Oh, what are you saying?" she muttered.

"It was all meant from the start off," he ran on. "Don't you see? My money was just to give me a chance to write the play, and the play was just to be ready for you, and when you came that was the crowning of it. Now the money's gone, and what do I care? It's brought me forever alongside you and forever alongside my art—my art and you, ma'am, you can't separate 'em. My plays are going to make you a famous actress, and your acting is going to make me a famous writer, and there we are, and we're all right, and you mustn't get mad at me for speaking out the dream. It was all meant from the start!"

"You ain't offended?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I'm glad you told me."

"You're a regular angel!" blurted Millionaire Rafferty hoarsely.

Sybil was grateful for the gathering dusk. The blacks were returning to the region of street lamps. Must this fantastic dreamer be awakened? She squared her shoulders.

"I'll tell you my plan, Mr. Rafferty," began Sybil slowly. "First of all, you must give me your play outright, to do as I please with."

"Sure, Miss Franklin."

"I shan't bring it out in Fielding," she said, hesitating often. "I can't—can't do justice to it—at this short notice. I want you to let me take it away with me, and to promise not to think of it—or me—until I let you know that I am ready."

"Ask something reasonable," laughed Rafferty mirthlessly. "Not think of you? Gosh!"

To her own surprise, Sybil dropped her hand on his wrist.

"You can promise not to follow or to write to me?" she begged.

"Yes," moaned Rafferty. "Until—"

"Until I let you know that I am ready."

Rafferty enclosed her hand with his shaking fingers.

"What'll you promise, ma'am?"

"I'll promise—never to forget," Sybil said, leaning a little forward.

"My dream!" he whispered.

"You shall have it always."

"Ah!"

He was not looking at her. He was looking straight ahead into the darkness, with the set, level eyes of a fanatic. But thereupon, to her inexpressible relief, the conversation fell upon details. Rafferty winced visibly when Sybil told him she would be leaving Fielding the next day.

"That's pretty soon," he commented. "I'll go back to taking tickets at the Academy."

"And you'll be happy?" said Sybil. "You know I want you to be happy and contented."

She measured the distance to the hotel door.

"You bet I will!" cried Millionaire Rafferty, radiant. "I can wait forever, after this day. Happy and contented, for always dreaming of you! An angel!" he concluded ecstatically. "A regular angel!"

After a stormy but victorious interview with Dana, Sybil sat down to write to John Franklin.

"Dear Uncle," the letter said, "we are—stranded is the word, isn't it? The Sybil Franklin Company is stranded, and its star is about to retire permanently from the boards. You have won the bet, and I have lost it. Having won a bet from a lady, you must, of course, pay. If you will telegraph money according to this memorandum, we can settle our bills. My style is gracefully jocose, but I am in earnest. Buy the Westchester place when you like and I'll keep house. My artistic temperament has given way. My stage dream is over."

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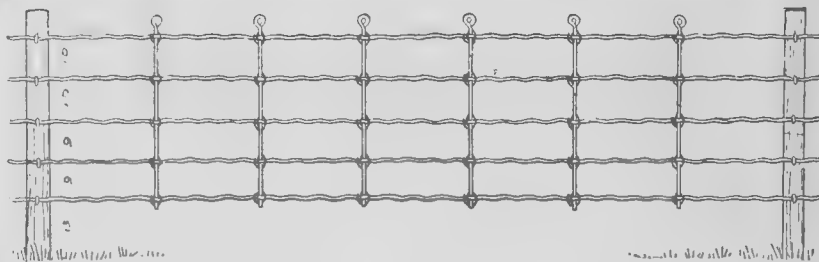
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Antonio's Alibi

A Comedy of Real Life in the Metropolis; how the diplomatic Antonio triumphed in law and love, winning both Julia and her red shawl

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly



MICHAEL TIALO called on Julia Petroneli, and gave her a beautiful red shawl and a pair of large ear-rings. Julia put them on and admired herself. Then Michael seasoned the egg with the salt.

"Julia," he said, "I love you."

"Ah," said she, "you make your hay too fast!"

He pressed her for an answer. She would give him none.

"I will kill myself!" he cried.

"When?"

"This very night."

"All right," replied the girl. "But, Michael!"

"Yes?"

"Do not forget to come to see me to-morrow. Maybe I will tell you something then."

She smiled and half closed her eyes and looked at him sleepily through her eyelashes. Michael was radiantly happy. He seized her hand and kissed it passionately.

"Then I may hope?" he cried.

"Hope," she repeated, "hope! This is a land where there are many laws, but I know of none against hoping. Yes, Michael, you may hope."

Michael left her, and slept but little that night.

As soon as he was gone Julia went into the next room. There sat her mother, darning Antonio's trousers. The little boy was asleep in his bed in the corner near the stove. Julia sat down near her mother, and looked at herself again in the window pane. The reflection was not perfect, but she could see the sparkle of the ear-rings, and she was happy.

Her mother looked up once or twice from her work.

"Julia," she said, after a while.

"Yes, mamma."

"I have been sewing many thoughts into your little brother's pantaloons. Ah me, if they would do but a little good!"

"What are they, mamma?"

"I was young once, Julia, and a young man brought me a red shawl and a pair of diamond earrings. When I married him, my dear, I found out that the diamonds were glass, and that the shawl kept me from getting too cold when I had to go out and work for my husband and myself. Who is Michael?"

"He has a very good stand."

"I thought so. A bootblack never shines his own shoes. Do you love him?"

"Ah, mamma, I do not know."

"Then you do not. There is Antonio!"

"I do know about him."

"You do. Then you had best let him know."

"How?"

"Nonsense! When I was a girl did not ask my mother to tell me how to make a young man like me."

"I will try," said the girl.

"That is right. Antonio is a smart man. He is no plodder, like Michael. With him you will be rich and happy. You are too pretty to waste yourself



After the Storm.

on Michael. Aim at the sun, my child; perhaps you may hit a star."

Julia went to bed. Early the next morning she put on her red shawl and her earrings and went out to show herself to Antonio. This young man had a hundred irons in the fire, and among other things he was a fortune teller. He had five little parrots, and a box of red and green slips of paper with fortunes printed on them. The red papers told the fortunes of young men; the green papers told the fortunes of young women. Two of the parrots were trained to pick up the red papers in their bills, the others to pick up the green papers; so that when a young man paid five cents for his fortune, Antonio had but to call upon one of those who dealt in futures for young men to do his duty; when he had a young woman for a customer, he had but to call upon one of the others.

Julia found him at the corner of the street.

"Good morning, Antonio," she cried. "Will you not let one of your little birds tell my fortune for me?"

"Certainly." He picked up one of the little parrots, and put its bill down among the green papers. The parrot selected one and Antonio handed it to the girl. She read it, and burst out laughing.

"Your parrot is a fraud," she cried. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Why, last week you told me my fortune, and to-day you give me the same fortune."

"What would you have?" cried he. "My birds are honest! If they had given you different fortunes, why then you might have complained. As it is—"

"Hey, hey!" cried an old woman at this moment.

She dashed up behind Julia and seized her by the shoulders. She shook her roughly.

"Ah, you thief," cried the old wo-

man, "where did you steal my shawl? Take it off, you thief! Police, police!"

Julia was terribly frightened. She did not know what to say or what to do; so she burst into tears. Antonio cast his eyes around. The old woman continued to cry for the police, and a crowd was gathering. In a moment he had made up his mind. "Here," he suddenly cried, "you stop that!"

"What have you to do with it?" exclaimed the old woman. Antonio looked at her so fiercely, though, that she stopped shaking the girl.

"Run," whispered Antonio.

Julia took to her heels. The old woman and a great crowd followed her. Antonio turned his parrots over to a friend, and joined the procession.

Julia reached her home and dashed upstairs to her room, and locked herself in. A few moments later the crowd knocked loudly at the door. Julia's mother came out of the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I do not know, only do not open the door until Antonio comes," replied the girl.

"Oh, it's Antonio, eh?" said the shrewd old mother. "Open," cried a voice from without. "It is Antonio!"

The mother opened the door, and the young man sprang in. "Now will you tell me what this means?" asked the mother.

"Later on," replied Antonio. "I have no time now. Give me the shawl," he said, turning to the girl. She gave it to him. "Now throw open your door," he cried, and a moment later the old woman who had been robbed, and the crowd, headed by a policeman, came in.

"Here," cried the policeman, "give up the shawl!" "No speak English," said Antonio, wagging his head foolishly.

"The old dame says you stole it from her. Give it up or I'll arrest you."

"No speak English," repeated Antonio, holding onto the shawl, however.

Julia was in tears. She looked around at the crowd, and saw Michael skulking near the door.

"Ah, you—" she cried, but Antonio stopped her. "Be quiet," he said; "leave this to me."

"Are you going to give it up?" cried the policeman, becoming impatient.

"No speak English," said the young man again, and the policeman caught him by the arm and led him off to the station house, the crowd and Julia and her mother following. From the station house they took him to the police court. When they got there many other prisoners were ahead of them, waiting to have their cases disposed of, so Antonio had time to say to Julia, who sat near where he stood:

"You send for my boss, Mr. Robson. I'll prove an alibi."

"An alibi!" cried the girl. "Oh, don't, don't!"

"And why not?"

"Oh, such a terrible thing! They might hang you for it!"

Antonio laughed.

"You don't know what an alibi is. It's American. You send for my boss."

Julia sent a friend for Mr. Robson, and in a little while he reached the court room. He was an influential man, and the magistrate knew him. At his request the case was called at once.

The old woman said that her shawl had been stolen from her. Antonio had the shawl, therefore he must be the thief, she declared. The magistrate nodded his head. He asked her when it was stolen.

"Yesterday morning, when I was away from home," she said.

"What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"I'll prove an alibi," said Antonio. Julia shuddered.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"Alibi," replied Antonio.

"Alibi?" repeated the magistrate.

"How?" "My boss," said Antonio.

"Indeed!" replied the magistrate.

"What do you know about this, Mr. Robson?"

"The lad is right," replied Robson. "He was with me all the morning. I did not lose sight of him all day long, in fact, for he was doing a lot of work for me."

The magistrate looked at the old woman who had accused Antonio. He looked at her for such a long time that she felt sure he could see through her, and knew everything that she had done. The longer he looked, the greater became her discomfort. Her only thought was to get away from the court room and those awful spectacles.

"Well," thundered the magistrate, "what do you mean by—"

But she waited for no more. With a loud cry she gathered up her skirts and ran from the court room as if her life depended on it.

"Discharged," said the magistrate, and Robson shook hands with him and then with Antonio. Antonio took Julia and the red shawl back to Mulberry Street.

That night Michael came over for his answer.

"You stole that shawl," exclaimed Julia angrily, when she saw him.

"I did it for you," he cried. "I would die for you!"

"Then, do so," exclaimed the girl.

"Here, get out!" thundered a voice behind Michael, and Antonio entered the room.

The next day Antonio took Julia and the red shawl down to the City Hall, and the alderman kissed the bride.

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DURING the past month England did her utmost to entertain in a royal fashion the visiting French fleet. The Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth entertained some of the officers at dinner in the Town Hall, while the Admiralty were the hosts of a thousand petty officers and men from the two fleets. More remarkable were the private dinners given to the French admirals and officers by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and by the Prime Minister. The Times, speaking of the banquets and fetes given in honor of the visitors, says: "Cultivated Frenchmen have the gift of historic imagination in an exceptional degree, and they can hardly fail to be struck by the memories that haunt the scenes in which they are now receiving the warmest and sincerest tokens of our respect and friendship. In the Guildhall they will see around them the effigies of the statesmen and warriors who have played the chief parts in the old wars we have waged against them. There stand Chatham and Pitt, Nelson and Wellington. There it was that in their day all the chief heroes of those memorable struggles received from the hands of the Lord Mayor, as the guardian of their sacrifices and their labors, the freedom of the City of London. There is, we believe, no precedent for such a demonstration of international friendship and good will even in the long annals of the Mother of Parliaments. It is a special honor devised for a special occasion. The two nations of Europe who, with many differences, have yet most in common in well-nigh every department of thought and every domain of activity, after centuries of rivalry, have sealed a close friendship directed to the protection and perpetuation of the world's peace."

THE FRENCH FLEET IN ENGLAND.

JAUNDICED CRITICS have often criticised matrimony and madness as closely connected, if not inseparable. They have, indeed, not been quite able to determine which is the cause and which the effect, and have frequently sought refuge in the confused explanation that if one does not cause the other, the other will cause the one. In other words, a man is probably mad to marry, and if he is not, marriage will make him mad. This obviously is more ingenious than veracious, and not very ingenious at that. The fact is that these "madness-marriage" jests were always thin and are now threadbare. Statisticians produce solid columns of figures to prove that it is the bachelors and spinsters who fill our asylums, that the high road to madness is not matrimony, but celibacy. But it does not need the gruesome argument of figures to demonstrate that it is time the old jokes were buried. In age, and perhaps in delicate taste, they surpass the companion stock concerning mothers-in-law. They were chestnuts in the stone age.

THE CORRESPONDENCE that has lately been exchanged between the British and Canadian Governments on the question of Imperial defence has been published. By this it is practically decided that Canada pays the whole cost of the garrisons at Halifax and Esquimaux, instead of one-half, as at present, and that at the same time she takes over the entire control of the defences and troops at those places, relieving the Imperial troops with some few temporary exceptions. A prominent London paper, commenting upon this, says: "We extend a very cordial welcome to the patriotism of the Canadians in thus showing their readiness to participate in the defence of the Empire; it shows that they have at least grasped the fact that has evidently escaped some schools of political thought at home, that the colonies are not secured to the Empire by the mere reason that they belong to it; there must also be an efficient army and navy to guard against attacks by land and sea." But the same authority expresses a fear that such action on

the part of the Canadian Government may tend to withdraw the direction of the British garrisons from the supreme Imperial control. "It strengthens the link with the Mother Country to have British regiments quartered in the colonies. It is also surely obvious that in the event of a great war the army and navy must be directed homogeneously from headquarters; in a division of councils lies disaster."

MEN ARE SUPPOSED to be naturally cruel, and women pitiful, yet women are undeniably guilty of many little acts of cruelty from want of thought. One of these is the bearing-rein to which they subject their valuable horses. While a woman is inside a house enjoying herself, drinking tea, listening to music, trying on dresses, or shopping to her heart's content, her handsome high-bred pair of horses stand in the sun tossing their heads in pain, with foam-flecked lips, in an unnatural posture. No coachman is merciful enough to unbear the horses when they wait for hours. They are often seen thus strained up at night when their mistresses are at a ball, and the effect, if effect is aimed, could be seen by none. Another cruel practice women are guilty of in this hot weather is that of taking out their dogs to run beside carriages and bicycles. Sometimes they are tied up beneath a very smart dog cart which a fashionable young lady is driving. The horse trots fast and the poor little terrier, with tongue hanging out, is forced to run without any respite and accommodate himself to the rapidly trotting horse. These ladies, no doubt, believe they are giving their dogs healthful exercise, but in reality they are causing them deliberate torture. Yet women are supposed to be dog lovers.

THE SMALL CRUELITIES OF WOMEN.

THAT was an influential meeting held at Buckingham Palace last month, over which Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, presided. The business was to consolidate the various Red Cross Societies, which exist for the sake of the sick and suffering in time of war. That the necessity for the active work of this organization may not arise for many years to come must be the earnest hope of all classes alike, but, as the Queen pointed out in a very clear speech, this is woman's work, and the arrangements to carry it must of necessity be made in time of peace. The organization remains strictly of a voluntary character, and in peace time works upon its own lines. Under conditions of active service, the Red Cross Society places itself under the directions of the War Office or the Admiralty, and acts as subsidiary to the military or naval organization, devoted to the care of the sick or wounded. The new Red Cross Society is an amalgamation of the National Aid Society, and the Red Cross Council. It is to be maintained by the Empire at large. In time of war the organization would be at the service of the British army and navy, while if help were needed by any other belligerent powers, the propriety of giving such help to the sick and wounded of other nations would be considered as each occasion arose.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY RE-ORGANIZED.

IT WILL BE a distinct deprivation to many if a new regulation said to be contemplated by one of the largest omnibus companies of London comes into force. This, according to the Daily Telegraph, will take the form of an order to be issued to drivers prohibiting them from conversing with passengers during the journey. The chief sufferers will be the visitors from America, or the rural districts, who are especially numerous during August. To them the 'bus driver is invaluable as a guide to the "lions," not to mention the mere attraction of a personal intercourse with an individual of such exalted responsibility. The idea is, of course, that talking distracts the driver from his duty. But a London 'bus driver

is no ordinary man. He can carry on an apparently absorbing conversation with a lady at his side, wink to a fellow-driver, and at one and the same time shave all the surrounding vehicles by the accustomed inch as calmly and dexterously as usual. If a driver has a conversational turn it cannot be quelled in this summary manner. The only result of the regulation if it is imposed will be, we imagine, an increased interchange of courtesies with cab drivers and others whose conduct may call for remark.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL are registration and licensing of agencies for promoting a most excellent bill for the employment of servants and of instructors of youth. There are some perfectly sound and honest agencies which carry on business of this sort, and on the other hand there are too many that are practically bogus agencies, full of snares for the unwary and trading fraudulently. Various methods are adopted by the agent who is bogus, for want of a practical clientele. Too often a purely fictitious advertisement is issued propounding a want or offering a situation. This brings in scores, maybe hundreds, of replies. To one and all a stereotyped answer is sent, "on receipt of our registration fee we shall be happy to place your name on our list, and to send you particulars of all vacancies which we have to offer." Then shoals of such fees pour in, and to each dupe is sent the address of the one and only (if any) genuine applicant. In some of these bogus offices a stock applicant is kept salaried—say a nominal cook out of place—to ensure against any charge of false pretence. Hundreds of mistresses pay their fees and interview her; but either she is too exacting in terms for them, or, if engaged, dismisses herself in a week, and goes back to her agent employer to renew the role of decoy duck. The Council's bill professes to make this trade dependent on license and registration, and, of course, the license will be revocable on unsatisfactory report. The genuine registry office will be protected by this procedure.

THE BOGUS EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

THE SUPPLY of horses for the army is becoming a very serious question, but apparently consideration of it is being put off till we are face to face with immediate necessity, such as that of 1899. There has been much pessimistic talk about English horses having deteriorated, but this deterioration is more or less imaginary. England has as good race horses, as good hunters, and as good hackneys as ever she had, if not better, and there is no doubt about the improvement of heavy breeds. One of her expert horse breeders says: "What we have not is a supply of the best equal to the increased, and rapidly increasing demand, and herein lies our danger." The omnibus was a good source of supply at one time but we are told that within five years there will be no horse cars in England, so that source will no longer be left. Foreign countries recognize the danger of a scarcity of horses in time of war, and provide for it in time of peace, and many suggestions are made to the British Government. Unfortunately there seems nothing practical in the suggestions.

THE SUPPLY OF ARMY HORSES.

Here is Canada's chance. we do claim that we can raise as good a general utility horse as can be found anywhere. Our Government should be alive to this industry.

PROF. STARR, of the University of Chicago, is one of the savants who are much concerned about the conduct of young people who persist in getting married because they happen to fall in love. He regards the custom as reckless and reprehensible in the highest degree. He would have it displaced by a method of procedure which would be merely an application of the science of anthropology. Instead of breaking soft vows under the moonlight, the young man, having first consulted the standard authorities, would set forth to the girl of his choice that he adored her on high and scientific grounds. "Angelina," the proper form of proposal would run, "I find that your temperamental qualities, anthropological measurements, and cranial characteristics make you the one girl in the world for me; will you be mine?" If she agreed with his theory, they would be wed. If she did not like his facial index, or preferred another cephalic type, she would read him a thesis setting forth her views and promise to be a sister to him.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND LOVE-MAKING

What to Wear and when to wear it

REMODELLING GOWNS.

September is the month to plan your fall and winter wardrobe, to decide just how much money you have to spend on it, and to go over your last year's clothes and see what you have that can be used again. It is wonderful how much can be done to freshen up last year's frocks if a little time and thought is spent on them. A little alteration in the trimming sometimes changes the appearance of a gown entirely and so much lace and ribbon is used now that this little change can be made quite easily. Velvet ribbon is to be used a great deal for trimming this year, and is always most effective. A smart little cloth house gown of last year has been altered to do duty again this year and very charming it looks. Dry cleaning had made it look almost like new again. The skirt had been made with alternate box plaits and shirred panels trimmed simply with stitching. This year three rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon of a rich brown shade finished the bottom of each shirred panel, the box plaits between being left plain; straps of brown velvet were also applied to the waist, and a soft brown velvet girdle completed the charming little costume which bore little resemblance to the plain white gown of the year before. This trimming cream or white with brown is one of the latest fads of fashion, and the effect is altogether charming. Velvet buttons form another pretty trimming, and almost any store in town will have the buttons made for you, supplying the moulds and covering them for the very small cost of fifteen cents per dozen if you furnish the velvet.

ROSETTES AND BOWS.

Rosettes of many kinds are in favor as trimmings, and they are easily fashioned by the home dressmaker. Dainty rosettes of lace consist of a circular medallion of good lace laid over satin cut to the same shape and bordered with a plaiting of silk or velvet. The flat type of rosette is cut out as a large circle, the size of an ordinary teacup saucer. This is about six inches across, and the outer edge is gathered and brought to the centre in which a very tiny hole is cut. A button finishes this rosette or a little gathered circle of material drawn up over wadding. Ripple rosettes are effective, and these are cut in large circles of graduated size. The centres are cut away and the outer edges hemmed and sometimes trimmed. Each circle is then gathered up, and the three mounted are laid one above the other, a gathered silk button or ball completing the rosette. Small bows of velvet or silk are placed in line close together, and in black or dark velvet are most effective on light ground. Medallions of ivory lace are also inserted in black lace and net gowns, and, outlined with narrow ruchings or plaitings of lace or ribbon.

SEPARATE WAISTS.

There never was a woman who had too many pretty separate waists. Each season we are told that they are surely going out of fashion, but just as surely do they come along prettier and more popular than ever. Having once acquired the knack of putting one together, their making can be a delight and a useful economy of short inexpensive lengths of material, or left-over pieces. A favorite morning shirtwaist for fall wear is of delaine, in the striped or check varieties, that laundry so well. They are made plainly, and either provided with a turn-over collar of their own material

or piped with silk, or are finished with a smart little turn-over of embroidered lawn and a bow tie of silk. Yoke and yokeless shirtwaists are equally fashionable, and into the yoke the bodice is often set in a series of small box plaits. Other patterns show a centre box plait frilled with a tiny kilting of silk, and on either side of this centre plait are smaller box or side plaits also edged with kiltings. One effective idea is the yoke that is apparently buttoned to the lower part, the buttons being either very large or very small. All shirtwaists this fall fit much more closely to the figure than before, and the smartest of the new models are cut with fitted sides, and the fullness is kept quite to the centre front and the centre back. Some of the prettiest and most useful fancy waists for evening wear this fall are made of white or cream Brussels net, which launders beauti-

fully. They are made very full over a lining of China silk or book muslin and are trimmed profusely with Valenciennes lace. A pretty model is trimmed with large medallions or Irish crochet lace and ruchings of Valenciennes.

NEW SUITS AND COATS.

The fall styles in coats and suits are already being shown and the three-quarter coat is without doubt in the lead, either for the separate coat or the suit. One very smart suit of dark green broadcloth had a three-quarter coat tight fitting in the body part and fairly close in the skirt, with a narrow vest of velvet trimmed with silk soutache braid. The skirt was laid in long tucks stitched nearly to the knee, then flaring generously. The new goods shown for suits are chiefly in plain colors, and one of the leading European buyers says that this is to be essentially a plain season—plain cloths, plain silks taking the lead. The few fancy goods shown are very quiet in design, the color contrasts never in the least startling. Invisible checks and plaids will be worn, and one handsome piece of cloth was a

dark blue with invisible checks of green, dotted here and there with embroidered silk eyelets, combining the two shades. Another rich costume length of chiffon broadcloth was in a shot effect of dark green and terra cotta, so beautifully blended that only in some lights could the two shades be distinguished.

Very few box coats are shown, there being a distinct effort to boom the tight-fitting coat, with the semi-fitting coat for those who persist on something loose. In the colors, fawns, browns and blues lead, a great deal of velvet being used for collars and strappings. Perhaps one of the handiest coats for fall wear is the showerproof coat of Cravenette, which are now made so attractively that they look equally well on a fine or rainy day. The newest ones are made in the Redingote style, but not strictly, so as there is something of a Russian blouse effect in front, but in the back the lines are carried through from neck to hem. The sleeves are shirred or tucked with trimmings of braid or buttons. They are decidedly comfortable for driving when the wind is chilly, and will withstand a good heavy shower.



On the Old Bridge.

These useful suits have been so much worn all spring and summer that every one thought they would go out of style this fall, but so far there is every indication that they are more popular than ever. Velvet shirtwaist suits will be much favored this winter, and there is hardly anything that gives more satisfaction for general wear than this material. Made up in a plain style it makes a splendid every-day dress, as there is no limit to its wearing qualities, while the addition of a little silk and lace with perhaps a few pretty buttons, will make it a handsome visiting costume. For street wear in the fall, before a coat is really necessary, nothing is prettier than a velvet shirtwaist suit with a fur boa or stole. Browns and greens are the most popular colors in this material, although some very rich costumes have been seen in dark blue or the deep wine shades of red that seem so suitable for autumn wear. For house wear the old-time delaines, cashmeres and Henrietta cloths are to the fore again. A pretty little morning gown that is included in the trousseau of one of Winnipeg's fall brides is of navy blue delaine with a white polka dot. The waist was made with wide box plaits edged with narrow knife plaitings of navy blue silk. The wide box plait down the front of the waist was continued in the front panel of the rather full skirt and edged with the silk plaitings, a deep box-plaited flounce being finished top and bottom with the same plaiting, and with a beautiful lace stock it would be difficult to imagine any smarter little frock.

The button boot is again fashionable for both women and men, though whether it will ever succeed in ousting the neat laced boot is a question. The new button boot is very smart, however, and on those shown for women the buttons are much larger than usual, and some very dressy ones have uppers of cloth or velvet, which are very handsome, but of course are not nearly so serviceable as the boot made entirely of kid. One of the neatest models of the buttoned boots for general wear is of vici kid with a patent tip and extension soles of a good thickness. For house wear the Oxford shoe with very large eyelet holes to be laced with wide silk ribbon is the smartest, and many of the slippers shown are fastened in the same way, only instead of having three or four holes like the Oxfords, they have only one or two. Patent leather is still very popular for house shoes and slippers, but almost every woman will fall in love with the pretty beaded slippers that are being shown.

IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends, it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

Feminine Economy.

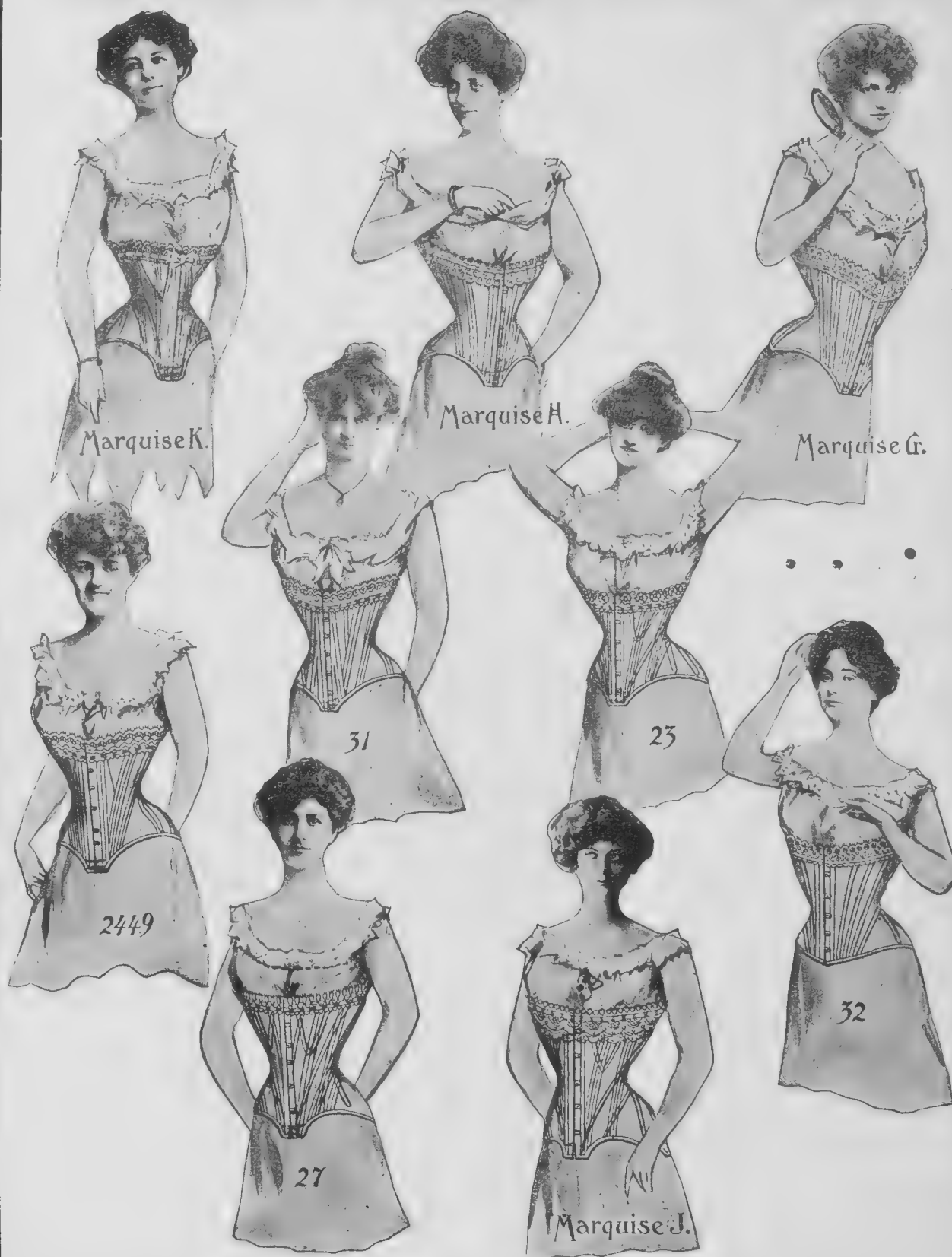
The following letter was received from his sister by a Winnipegger who was away from home on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf-coat you wanted. As the brass buttons are heavy, I have cut them off to save postage. Your loving sister, J.—"

"P.S.—You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat."

"Yes, he's a very nice young man, but always talking shop," The pouting miss protested, "and I cannot make him stop: For he's a car conductor, and while calling on me he's Persistently remarking, 'Won't you sit up closer, please?'"

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The celebrated French P.D. Corsets are considered everywhere to be the leaders. The style, grace, fit and comfort of these corsets are unequalled. We do not claim to be able to sell a dollar corset for 50c. If you want a good article, you must pay for it. In P.D. Corsets you get the finest workmanship and the best materials. If you wish to be comfortable and at ease, try one of these celebrated corsets. The above illustrated styles are always in stock.

Marquise G — French coutile, lace trimmed, white and drab	\$1.25	No. 2449 — French batiste, lace trimmed, white only	\$2.50
Marquise H — French coutile, lace trimmed, white and drab	\$1.50	Marquise J — French batiste, lace trimmed, white only	\$3.00
No. 31 — French coutile, lace trimmed, white and drab	\$1.75	Marquise K — French black Italian, lace trimmed, black only	\$3.50
No. 23 — French coutile, lace trimmed, white and drab	\$2.00	No. 27 — Fine French batiste, white only	\$4.00

If you can't get French P.D. Corsets in your town, send price and size, and state if for slender, medium, or stout ladies, and we will promptly ship the proper P.D. Corset for your figure.

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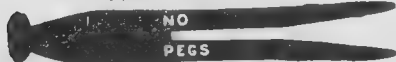
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Note these Low Prices

FIRST QUALITY HAIR
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No better Switches advertised at any price.

In ordering send sample of hair.

1½ oz. 20 inches - - - - - \$1.50
2 oz. 22 inches - - - - - 2.50
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Eight ringlet wave switches - - - 3.00
24 in. long natural wave - - - 5.00
Natural curly pompadour from \$1.50 up

Extra charge for Gray and Peculiar Shades. Send sample for estimate. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If desired we send on approval. If found perfectly satisfactory remit price; otherwise return at once by mail. Our WIGS for men and women and TOUPEES for men, cannot be detected from the natural hair. Stylish, comfortable, health promoters. First-class work at very reasonable prices. Our goods have been the standard for many years. FREE catalogue of Switches, Pompadours, Wigs, Bangs, Men's TOUPEES, etc., with instructions for accurate measurement of Wigs and Toupees. Write Today. Hundreds of testimonials.

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A JOYOUS HARVEST.

Already our short summer is on the wane, and September, the golden month of harvest, is here. At the time of writing the crop reports are joyful all over the west, and an abundant harvest seems certain. This means good times for everyone, as good times for the farmer mean good times for the city folk too. The merchants are displaying their fall and winter goods with the comfortable feeling that they will be quickly sold, and cheerful faces greet one everywhere. Eastern people laugh at we Westerners because we are always thinking and talking about the crops. If it pours rain for days in the spring, we paddle around in rubbers and old clothes and gladly announce that it is good for the crops. In August we greet with joy the hot burning sunshine that lasts for days with no cooling showers, for does it not mean good crops? If it rains on the day we have planned for a picnic, why never mind, if it is good for the crops, and so it goes all the year round. Perhaps we do talk a great deal about our crops, but why shouldn't we? Have we not every reason to be interested when our very living depends on them? We can afford to be laughed at too as long as our crops continue to be as good as they have been in the past.

THE DEAREST FRIENDS.

The people who find their way into the inmost recesses of other's hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better nature of others. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE

The little motto for this month is one that opens up a world of thought in regard to the influence which even the most insignificant of us has over the lives and work of people around us, and indeed, sometimes over people we only meet in the most casual way and never see again.

Cannot nearly every one of us remember some chance remark or action of perhaps a mere acquaintance, that has lingered in our minds and influenced a decision or perchance some really important occasion.

It is of course in the home and school that influence is the strongest, and every teacher has heart-breaking recollections of the effect of one unruly youngster introduced into a hitherto model class. Everything at once goes wrong, and the unruly one's example is just as likely to be followed by the model pupil of that model class as by the weakest member, and chaos reigns supreme until the disturbing element has been caught and tamed.

The influence of the teacher upon the pupil is something that every parent should carefully consider. Few mothers would allow a child of theirs to visit for any length of time with

someone they knew nothing about; but how many mothers take the trouble to become personally acquainted with their children's school teacher. Of course, in the country districts the school teacher is fairly well known and visits more or less at the homes of her pupils, but in the larger towns or cities many a mother and father does not know the man or woman who has charge of their children for the greater part of every day even by sight, and this teacher is moulding the character of their children. It seems dreadful, does it not? I, myself, have vivid recollections of a very clever teacher, that I studied English literature with for a year, who had strong agnostic leanings. He was a brilliant scholar with a keen, witty tongue, and although he never attempted to instill his views into the minds of his pupils, his bright caustic or sometimes sneering remarks on things sacred, all had a very strong influence, and although it is years ago, some of them still linger in my memory and are ever ready to crop up in those moments of doubt which come to the most of us when things have gone wrong and the world looks dark.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A friend who is always neatness itself was telling me the other day that when a young girl she was the worry of her mother's life on account of her untidiness. "My room," she said, "was always in a state of chaos, and nothing could ever be found when it was wanted in a hurry. I cared nothing for dress, and could never see the use of sewing on a button when pins were so handy. It was too much bother to sew clean ruchings, which were the style then, in the necks of my dresses, so I usually went without them. Outdoor games of all kinds were my keenest delight, and in consequence, my clothes were always airy, and unless mother insisted, it was too much trouble to tidy myself when I came in. One day, however, a cousin about my own age arrived to make us a long visit. She was pretty and exquisitely neat about everything, a continual reproach to me. At first I almost hated her and was untidier than ever just for contrariness. She was a dear girl, however; not the least bit priggish for all her neatness and shared my love for outdoor life, so we soon became excellent comrades. Our rooms were right across the hall from each other, and of course we were always running back and forth. I soon became keenly ashamed of mine compared with hers and began to hang up my clothes when they were taken off, stole a half-hour now and then to straighten out my dresser drawers, which sadly needed it, and endeavored to keep them tidy. Because she brushed her hair well while we chatted at bed time, I was seized with a desire to do likewise, which greatly improved my unruly locks. Wise mother took no notice of the growing change in my appearance, knowing how sensitive I would be, and even the saucy tongues of my brothers were restrained, probably at her command. My spasmodic efforts at tidiness grew in time to be natural, and I have never ceased to be thankful that my cousin came to visit us. I sometimes think that perhaps mother planned it all, hoping it would have

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.



Tossed by the Bulls, and ripped by the Bears,
Harassed and worried by manifold cares,
With stocks on the whoop that he thought would go down,
And the up-stocks slumping, and all of the town
Roaring and slamming about his ears,
He grabbed his hat, and chased by his fears
That prodded him on with vicious punch,
He rushed away for his noon-time lunch.
He saw men lined at gilded bars,
But he knew that the Fiend of that Cup
Deals scars,
Smoothing the nerves for a time, perhaps,
But saving a knockout for misled chaps.
But he knew of a cup that has truly cheered,
And around the corner he briskly steered,
And took it brimming, and spicy, and hot,
From the pretty girl of the coffee-pot.
And his soul was soothed, he forgot his cares,
And was ready again for the Bulls and Bears.
Then over the rim of his cup he gazed
At the pretty girl as the draught he praised.
"How do you make it, my pretty maid?"
"Use CHASE & SANBORN'S—that's all!" she said.

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when thinking of buying, write to us for prices and terms. You want the best—we have it. It will only cost you a postage stamp to be convinced about the truth of our assertions and we'll send a handsomely illustrated descriptive booklet immediately your letter arrives, showing how we can positively save you from \$75 to \$150 on the price of an instrument.

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and any "ORME" style you choose will be shipped with the distinct understanding that it may be returned at our expense if not found exactly as represented and the best value in Canada. Could any offer be fairer? Our easy payment plans are the best known—giving you three years in which to pay for the piano. We do not charge interest. Write today—write now—for catalog and prices.

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Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark

Prepared by the Rev. Trappist Fathers at the MONASTERY, OKA, QUEBEC.



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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

just the influence it did, but she never will confess it."

Perhaps this little hint will be of use to some other mother who is worried over some bad habits of one or the other of her children, only she may not have just the proper cousin or friend to bring to the rescue.

PAY WAGES ON THE FARM.

Winnipeg is no worse in this respect than other cities; in fact, there is every reason to believe that it is better than almost any city of its size on the continent. But it has its danger spots, and plenty of them, and the wise girl will seek to avoid the very appearance of evil. I know that one of the great reasons that girls in the country want to come to the city is the fact that no matter how long they work on their father's farm they have no money of their own. About six years ago there was the first strike of women employees in the city of Winnipeg. At that time 35 girls that worked in a tent factory went out because their employers were trying to cut the wages down to \$4 per week and even less. As a newspaper woman, I went among these girls to find out who they were, where they came from and how they lived. It turned out that 28 of the 35 were farmers' daughters and in every instance where I talked to them, they admitted that they could have stayed at home but their fathers would never

BLIND MASSEURS.

In both Japan and Russia blind masseurs are very numerous. Massage is a work for which the blind are specially fitted on account of the delicacy of touch. Occupations for the blind are so few that it is a wonder this one has not been given more attention in England and America. There are many schools now for the blind where massage could easily be taught, and doctors are realizing more and more every day the marvelous effect of this treatment for different ailments, so that the demand for skilled masseurs far exceeds the supply. This occupation should be carefully considered by the parents or friends of blind children who would be far happier when grown up if they are competent to earn their own living.

FOR THE KITCHEN.

The housewife is busy now putting down fall fruit, and she may be glad to learn that the tops of fruit jars clean easily if soaked for a time in sour milk. Like any number of things, they are more easily washed with a small scrubbing brush than with a cloth. In fact, the modern woman keeps a variety of brushes handy with which to wash jars, bottles, milk jugs and pressed glass, as well as the more expensive cut glass. For cleaning some vegetables also the small scrubbing brushes that can be bought for two or three



In all the vast expanse of sea,
There's just one ship that sails for me.

have paid them wages for their work. Some of these girls were sleeping five in a room. Whether this is good business or good management I leave the fathers of girls in the country to decide.

One night I was getting a late lunch in a restaurant, and the girl who served me had been on her feet for 12 hours and her cough and tired eyes took away my appetite. I happened to know that she was the daughter of a farmer whose butter commanded 25c. per pound all the year round in Winnipeg, and who could always have sold twice as much as was made on his farm. I also knew that he hired help to make the butter. I said to the girl: "Would you mind telling me why you do such hard work in the city when you might make butter for your father in so much pleasanter surroundings?" Her reply was laconic: "Would you like to make butter all week for nothing but your board and clothes, and very little of the latter?" "Certainly not," I replied. "Well," she said, "my father would never pay me a cent for making butter; he thinks he has a right to the work of his children, but I don't think so!" and there the conversation ended. That girl long ago filled a consumptive's grave. You will say that was an exceptional case. I would like to believe it was, but experience and inquiry have taught me that it was not.

cents apiece are very useful.

The man who discarded the two buttons on the back of his coat as soon as he discovered that he could not tell why they were placed there, might have scorned the ruffle which a certain wise cook invariably trimmed the bottom of her kitchen apron. However, when asked why she took so much trouble, the cook answered that the ruffle was meant to catch any chance drop of grease or similar dropping and to prevent the same from attaching to her always immaculate skirts.

The housekeeper on the farm will find cream soup a pleasant way of providing the hungry men with something warm for supper in the winter. These soups are very easy to make when one has plenty of milk to spare, and either the fresh or canned vegetables may be used. Cream of peas, corn, tomato or even potatoes, make delicious soups and are easily prepared. The chosen vegetable is cooked until very soft and put through a strainer. Dilute with scalded milk. At the last moment make a sauce of flour and butter and thin with part of the soup and stir this into the remainder of the soup to thicken it. A cream soup should not be a thick, pasty broth, but a delicate cream-like liquid.

Hirst's Pain Exterminator

Cures

Rheumatism

Neuralgia

Sciatica

Lame Back

Pains in Side and Limbs

Cramps

Sore Throat

25 CENTS A BOTTLE AT ALL DEALERS

REDUCE YOUR FAT

Rengo Fruit Rapidly Reduces Excess Fat Without the Aid of Tiresome Exercises or Starvation Diet

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

Rengo Fruit is a product of South America and it has been recently discovered to possess some very remarkable properties which will reduce excess fat and build up the strength and health for anyone who eats it regularly for a short time. It is a product



of nature, delicious to the taste and safe and harmless in all its properties. It will not injure the digestive organs as so many drugs and medicines do.

Rengo Fruit will positively reduce surplus fat rapidly and do so without harm to the system. This illustration shows what Rengo Fruit has done in the way of reducing fat. The

above change was brought about in sixty days. subject. It is very palatable and pleasant to eat. It is prepared in a highly concentrated form and is convenient to carry in the pocket, so one can have it with him at all times.

Rengo Fruit requires no exhausting exercises or starvation dieting to help it out as so many of the so-called fat remedies do. You can go right ahead and attend to your regular daily duties. It compels proper assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment into the muscles, bones and nerves and builds them up instead of piling it up in the form of excess fat. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, but a mild, pleasant, harmless fruit, put up in concentrated form in small packages for convenience.

If you suffer from excess fat send your name and address to-day for a trial package of Rengo Fruit mailed free in plain wrapper. Address Rengo Co., 91 Main St., Augusta, Mich.

RHEUMATISM cured or money back. Quick Relief and Cure. Trial treatment free to any sufferer. National Med. Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.



The Farmers' Friend

CLARK'S

Corned Beef

Perfectly cooked. Deliciously seasoned. No bone, no waste.

Saves time when work is pressing. Saves going to the store when roads are bad.

A delicious and nourishing dish.

It is Canadian Beef—packed in Canada.

Ask for it.

B-2-05



PATTERN DEPARTMENT



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted.

Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



6340-41—A Fetching Coat Suit.

In styles for street suits, the coat and skirt are of course first. The new models show the loose hip and three-quarter length coats as very smart. They



carry with them a dash and style quite their own and are becoming to slender as well as round figures. The one portrayed is simple and yet chic. It is developed in a Panama brown serge and is sure to prove serviceable for the varied weather which is our due. The coat hangs loose to below the hips and closes in double breasted style. Two spacious pockets are true to the fancy of the Parisian woman and may be used or not. The skirt is a nine gored model, fitting trimly over the hips and flaring gracefully about the lower edge. It is a design especially modish with this kind of a coat and not at all difficult to fashion at home. Tweed, voile, homespun, cheviot or broadcloth might serve as material for this suit.

Two patterns—6340—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6341—6 sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist. Price, 15c. each.



6337—Ladies' Square Yoke Corset Cover.

The woman who fashions her own lingerie will appreciate a model so attractive and so practical as the one shown. The square yoke over the shoulders is made of one piece of em-



broidery finished at the neck and arm edges with ribbon-run beading and lace.

The body portion consists of a full gathered piece attached to the beading at the waist and overlapped at the top by the edges of the yoke embroidery. Whether much or little be spent in the development of this corset cover it will be charming and easily made. The best of taste prefers fine material and little elaboration to over-adornment and showy effects. White ribbon is to be preferred to any color in running beading for underwear and the washable kinds save much time in removing and putting in again.

6337—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15c.



4681—A Pretty Eton Suit for a Girl or Miss.

What a pleasure it is to fashion frocks for the young girl and especially so when the garment is of attractive design. The simple grace of youth seems made for dainty apparel and every young girl should have frocks which are at least becoming. One of the prettiest of the new Eton suits is shown here as a suggestion for the mother who makes her daughter's clothes. It consists of Eton coat and skirt. The coat has the broad youthful sailor collar and its edges finished with braid or a cut design of material in the same or a contrasting color. The sleeve is the neat leg-o'-mutton, stitched near the wrist edge. The skirt fits smoothly about the top, closes in an inverted box-plait in back and flares gracefully at the bottom. The Eton is especially suitable to a girl,



as it is easily put on and off, and defines the waist line. Any of the new fabrics may be used, serge, cheviot, voile, homespun or Panama cloth as well as linen or Rajah. It is very simple to make and the most inexperienced dressmaker need not hesitate to undertake it.

4681—8 sizes, 5 to 14 years. Price 15c.



4666—Girl's Apron.

No. 4666.—Simple, practical, and convenient are the salient features of the apron designed for the little daughter who is her mother's help in the daily duties, or for wear when she is having a "tea party" for dolly's benefit. These aprons in white or checked gingham are most useful in keeping the pretty frock clean and neat. Busy mothers will appreciate the simplicity of this design, for it means only the seaming under the



arm, turning the hems, and arranging the shoulder straps in position, and the apron is made. Holland cloth, linen, gingham and lawn are materials suggested. 7 sizes, 5 to 12 years. Price, 15c.



A PERFECT ENSEMBLE.

One of the Discoveries of the Recent Musical Season—A Practical Indication of Appreciation.

During the past musical season there were many rich treats, provided not alone by artists of Continental reputation, but by local artists as well. Among these concerts to which special attention is directed were several chamber music evenings. The programmes were well selected, the playing was excellent, and there was present that exquisite blending of the instruments which is all too often lacking. In trios or piano quartettes much was added by the special beauty by the tone produced by the Gourlay piano. Toronto violinists and 'cellists were loud in their praise, saying that there was a sympathy and richness in the tone that seemed to support and intensify the strings—a real "singing quality" which is so often spoken of, but so seldom really heard. And these praises so lavished upon the instrument were not mere formal ones, for a number of the best known chamber music players of the city are now possessors of "Gourlay" pianos. Among those who make use of this instrument daily are Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, Mr. Frank E. Blachford, Miss Lena M. Hayes, Miss Lois Winlow and Mr. H. S. Saunders, Toronto. All are delighted with their choice. Inasmuch as the "Gourlay" supports strings so admirably it can readily be understood that it is an ideal piano for vocal accompaniment as well, the relation between the violin and 'cello and the human voice being so close.



The King's Diplomacy.

Nothing is more curious than to see the English, who were formerly so anxious that the authority of Parliament, by which they flattered themselves that they controlled and even directed the executive power, lightly pass over parliamentary authority and ministerial responsibility, and recognize only the sovereign as the manager of their foreign policy and attribute to him the initiative and the success. There are grave inconveniences in saddling the king with this responsibility, which the constitution wisely relegates to his ministers.—Journal des Debats, Paris.



Half of what we call difficulty is only danger.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

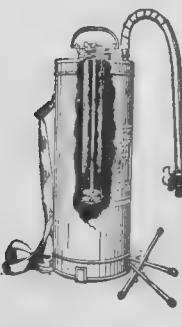


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... LADIES ...

Make excellent solicitors. If indoor work is irksome, write us and take an agency to sell the wonderful Auto-Spray. Sells at sight. Destroys insects and fungus on trees and plants, applies paint, whitewash, disinfectants, etc. Used as a fire extinguisher and should be in every house. Particulars and valuable receipts for spraying preparations free.—Write

Buchanan Nursery Co.
St. Charles, Man.

Physical Culture

The other day, we heard an advocate of modern physical culture complaining of the length of time required to carry out his daily program.

"By the time I am through with my exercises; by the time I have succeeded in drinking the water necessary, and eating the particular foods prescribed for me, I have little time for anything else."

He went on to say there were some articles published in a popular journal not long since on physical culture and care of the body. These articles were contributed by different writers. One writer confined himself to the care of the hair. Another writer instructed the people how to bathe, and still another on the care of the nails; and, finally, another writer instructed people how to care for the feet.

There were several other special articles, all teaching the people what to do in order to care for their bodies properly; dropping the hint that if any of the instructions were neglected premature old age was inevitable and all sorts of diseases were liable to occur.

"Well, he said, 'I took these articles and computed the time which each one of the writers considered necessary properly to carry out his instructions. If one were to obey to the letter the instructions which each of these writers laid down as necessary, by actual computation it would require twenty-six hours each day. Now, as there are only twenty-four hours a day, how in the world is a person to obey all these specialists? It seems to me that they are carrying this physical culture a little too far when there are not enough hours in the day to put into practice all they prescribe.'"

The above complaint is only an exaggerated example of the complaints which we hear every day. Many of these complaints are justly made. The very people who are most interested in physical culture are the ones who are busy and have the least time to devote to such things.

It would almost seem that the physical culture specialist never takes into account the length of time required each day to carry on the regime which he prescribes. By the time he has gotten through with his morning exercises, it is time for his walk in the open air. His breakfast, of coarse cereals or uncooked food, requires much additional chewing; and, therefore, much more time is consumed than food. Drinking two or three gallons of water a day requires considerable time.

Not only the time consumed, but the inconvenience of all this tends to prejudice the business man against these practices. For many years, we have been striving against this sort of thing. The physical culture fad has been carried entirely too far. So much so that many men who need a reasonable amount of such care have thrown it aside in utter disgust.

The best sort of physical culture in the world is some employment that arouses the enthusiasm. To go through some form of exercise that really has no other purpose in it than the improvement of the body is not so invigorating as that kind of physical exercise which is obtained in doing some useful thing in the world.

This is the best, but it is true that many people are tied to a vocation that does not furnish sufficient bodily exercise. The vocation may be one of their own choosing, they may like the work, they may even be enthusiastic about it, yet the necessary confinement gives the muscles very little use.

Such people should have exercise, if possible, which should be managed without wasting time. Walking to and from the office, standing up at the desk instead of sitting, will help to furnish exercise for those people who do not find it convenient or possible to take the necessary amount of physical exercise.

In addition, we can thoroughly recommend the following, as we have used it for years: Arrange your day's program so that

you can spend from forty to sixty minutes with your morning toilet. Get up, throw off all your clothing, take a vigorous rub with a rough towel.

Those in excellent health may take a cold sponge bath, which is to be followed with a towel rub. The rubbing should be very rapid, and should not be discontinued until the body is thoroughly warm.

If possible, stand in front of a window in which the sun is shining. Let the sun shine all over the body, even if the days be very warm. This is especially useful during the winter months. After the towel rubbing, the body should be massaged, kneaded, pinched, rubbed and pounded. Do everything in every way possible to give the flesh a thorough exercising. Keep the mouth shut during the whole process. It will require hard breathing through the nose to keep up this exercise for a half or three-quarters of an hour.

Take this exercise in a cool room, and if possible, be exposed to the rays of the sun during the treatment. Every joint should be moved and carefully manipulated with the fingers. Work hard. Inflate the lungs, striking the chest at the same time with the ball of the hand.

In washing the face and neck, soap the skin well, then go over the flesh finally with the hands, moving the flesh on the bones thoroughly. This will prevent wrinkles and keep the face young. As soon as one becomes accustomed to this exercise, it will not be a disagreeable chore to be performed every morning, but will soon become a pleasurable exercise.

Try it, give the skin a chance to come in contact with the air. The continued use of clothing has kept the skin from sunlight and air. People in savage life, who go naked most of the time, have fine skins. Wounds heal almost immediately. They can stand any amount of exposure to weather. Those people who never allow the skin a chance to come in contact with the elements can stand very little exposure.

The daily exposure of the skin, as above remarked, is the best tonic—best invigorator that can possibly be invented.

No hour of the day will be more profitable than the hour spent in such a healthful exercise.

The Shadow-Man.

You ought to see the shadow-man
That dances on our wall,
When nothing but the firelight
Is shining in the hall.
He creeps and creeps along the floor,
And up the wall and ceiling,
And shakes his finger so, and then
I have the queerest feeling.

For all the naughty things I've done,
Like pulling sister's hair,
And sticking crooked pins along
My grandmamma's arm chair;
And hiding in the cellar-way
When mother hurries through,
And crying "Boo," with all my might,
To see what she will do.

And pulling pussy's fluffy tail,
To hear her say "Meow;"
The shadow-man he looks at me,
And says in whispers, "Now,
You naughty boy, come tell the truth,
To-day what have you done
To turn the whole house upside down,
And have a little fun?"

And then I tell him everything,
And cross my heart and say:
"Dear Shadow-man, I'll be so good
If you will go away."
And then I open all the doors
To drive him from the hall,
But still he waves his skinny arm
And dances on the wall.

And then I scream and mother comes
And turns the gas up high,
But we can't find the shadow-man,
No matter how we try.
I wonder where he hides all day,
And why he likes our hall,
To creep at nights along the floor,
And dance upon the wall.

ENQUIRY AS TO ADVERTISE- MENT IN THE PRESS.

Miss Jamison, of Masson, Tells a
Reporter She Did Not Give
Fruit-a-tives Enough
Credit.

(From the Ottawa Journal.)

Many hundreds of people read and marvel at the columns of advertising matter put in the daily papers all over the world in connection with the advertisements of patent medicines. Millions of dollars are spent every year in bringing to the attention of the public the benefits to be derived by the use of the remedies, and it is to the free use of printer's ink that many notable successes have been made. These medicines are advertised in all kinds of ways, but the bulk of the money spent by the exploiters of patent medicine goes into the columns of the newspapers.

But how many people read a glowing account of good done by a patent medicine and take any trouble to find out the bona fides of the case mentioned? The writer admits being something of a skeptic in matters appertaining to patent medicines.

AN ENQUIRY MADE.

A few days ago, however, the writer happened to be stalled at Masson, or, as it is now known, Buckingham Junction, with a wait of a couple of hours for the train. Now Masson is a very pretty little village, but two hours with nothing to do to a newspaper man is a somewhat tedious proposition. The columns of the Evening Journal were carefully run through when one of the patent medicine ads. caught the eye of the scribe. It was that given by Miss Jamison, of Masson, for Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.



In her letter to the proprietors of this remedy under date of Nov. 16, 1904, Miss Jamison said that she "had much pleasure in reporting to you the great benefit I have received from taking Fruit-a-tives, and I feel I cannot say too much for a medicine that has done me so much good." Continuing, Miss Jamison told of suffering from kidney trouble, that her complexion was sallow, with dark rings under the eyes, back ache, indigestion, constipation and headaches every morning on getting up. Miss Jamison took the remedy, and with careful following of the directions as to diet, after taking three boxes she lost all her ailments and regained perfect health.

VISIT TO MISS JAMISON.

Here was just a suitable case and favorable opportunity for the newspaper man to look into one of the cases of the genuineness of the advertisement.

Miss Florence Jamison is a charming young lady of about 22 years of age, and she had no hesitation whatever in talking of the merits of Fruit-a-tives.

"Miss Jamison," said the reporter, "I see you have been making statements over your name in the papers

giving great credit to the merits of Fruit-a-tives. Might I ask you your reason for giving such a strong testimonial of the efficiency of this medicine?"

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Jamison, "I am only too happy to give you any information I can. I have said nothing about Fruit-a-tives but what is the actual fact. Following sickness and death in the family, when I had a great deal of worry and nursing, I became terribly run down, and few of the neighbors thought I should ever be well again.

"I consulted the late Dr. Church and took considerable medicine, but with but poor results. In May of 1904, I started taking Fruit-a-tives knowing that it was a patent medicine, but having a medical man's authority that it would do me good. Personally I felt it could not do me any harm and I was prepared to do anything to do me good. I made up my mind to give the medicine a good fair chance, and with this end in view I carefully followed all the directions as to diet. I had suffered terribly with a chronic constipation which caused backaches, and I never knew what it was to get up in the morning without a headache that invariably lasted the whole day. In a very few days I felt the benefit of Fruit-a-tives, and in an incredibly short time the headaches left me and I was cured of my other ailments.

"Why," continued Miss Jamison, getting enthusiastic on the subject, "I had a sallow and muddy complexion, and look at me now! I do not take Fruit-a-tives all the time, but I always have a box handy and take them occasionally. They are worth ten times the price in my estimation if they were only used for the benefit of one's complexion. You cannot say too much for Fruit-a-tives so far as I am concerned, and I am only too pleased to give my experience with the medicine."

A LOCAL CONCERN.

The above enquiry is of more than usual interest, due to the fact that Fruit-a-tives, Limited, is a local concern, and from what is said of the medicine it is bound to become an institution of great magnitude. The medicine is made from pure fruit juices, put up in tablet form, and no difficulty is experienced in taking them. They are the product of the experience of an Ottawa physician who combined the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, making a compound which strengthens the stomach and makes the liver active. The establishment of a company and the manufacture of the tablets in large quantities also naturally resulted in the reduction of cost of production, the result being the fact that this household remedy can now be sold for 50c. a box, or a quarter what the original cost had to be.

The sceptical writer who looked into the case of Miss Jamison does not regret the time spent on the investigation, which certainly proved that that young lady not only derived wonderful benefits from Fruit-a-tives, but that she is naturally anxious to let others who are suffering know the facts.

A prisoner tried before a certain eminent judge for larceny had admitted his guilt when apprehended, but at the trial was defended with great obstinacy by his counsel. "Gentlemen," said the judge sarcastically to the jury, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel says he is not. You must decide between them." Then, after a pause, he added: "There is just one thing to remember, gentlemen. The prisoner was there and his counsel wasn't."

The sale of Wilson's Fly Pads is many times larger than that of all other fly poisons combined, because no other fly killer compares with Wilson's Pads in destructive qualities.



Feeding the Pet Calf.

RHEUMATISM

POSITIVELY CURED

BY MY NEW AND SURE METHOD

A DOLLAR BOX FREE



WRITE me today and I will send you **ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH** of my medicine **FREE OF CHARGE** also my **NEW BOOK** which tells you all about Rheumatism, also testimonials of people who have suffered for 15 and 20 years and who have been cured by

my new discovery for the cure of that dreaded disease called **RHEUMATISM**. I can prove beyond doubt that my **NEW DISCOVERY** cures where the most eminent physicians and all other patent medicines failed, and to prove this I will send you **ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH** of my new discovery. I am so certain of a positive cure that I am willing to send you **ONE DOLLAR BOX FREE OF CHARGE**. It matters not how old or how severe your case may be, my newly-discovered remedy will cure it, if you suffer all the agony of Rheumatism, be it **CHRONIC OR ACUTE, INFLAMMATORY, NERVOUS, MUSCULAR OR ARTICULAR RHEUMATISM**; if you suffer with **GOUT, SCIATICA, or LUMBAGO**; if every part of your body is aching and every joint is out of shape; if your **KIDNEYS, BLADDER OR STOMACH** is troubled, write to me. Let me prove to you **FREE OF CHARGE** that there is at least one remedy that will cure you. So do not delay. Write today, and the next mail will bring you relief in the form of **ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH FREE OF CHARGE**.

PROF. J. GARTENSTEIN, pupil of the late Prof. Sacharin, of Moscow, attendant of Alexander III, Czar of Russia. Department —, 76 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

My Dear Prof. GARTENSTEIN: I was delighted with the kindly effect of your Anti-Rheumatic Tablets, almost immediate relief given not only to the Rheumatism but also to the Kidneys and the Bladder, that relief has been abiding and pronounced.

Yours very respectfully,
REV. M. C. COLE.

Whatcom, Wash.

My Dear Prof. GARTENSTEIN: A sample of your Anti Rheumatic Tablets gave me immediate relief from my long suffering.

Your ever-lasting friend,
Rev. W. D. KING.

Ada, Mich.



MEN OF ALL AGES

suffering from the effects of early folly quickly restored to robust health, manhood and vigor. Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Weak Memory, Errors of Youth, Night Losses, Varicocele, forever cured.

\$1.00 BOX OF MEDICINE FREE.

OLD DR. GORDON'S REMEDY FOR MEN in a few days will make an old man of 60 feel 20 years younger. Sent sealed on receipt of 12 cents to pay postage, full regular one dollar box, with valuable medical book rules for health, what to eat and what to avoid. No duty, no inspection by Custom House, reliable Canadian Company. Write at once; if we could not help you we would not make this honest offer.

QUEEN MEDICINE CO.

P. O. Box C. 947, Montreal.

V. W. HORWOOD

ARCHITECT

TAYLOR BLOCK

177 McDERMOT AVE., E.

WINNIPEG

HANDLING FIREARMS

The hunting season, bringing with it many accidents due to the careless handling of firearms, is fast approaching. The present is an opportune time to treat the subject of how to exercise care in the handling of firearms. The following articles from the pen of a well known writer on hunting is reproduced from "Recreation" and is worthy of a careful perusal:

Many a time during his life did the late Jas. T. Conlin, the shooting master urge me to write a book on the subject of how to safely handle firearms. Safety was his hobby, and his criticism of most books on firearms was that they failed to inculcate the lesson of eternal vigilance and carefulness in the handling of deadly weapons.

Conlin conducted shooting galleries and shooting ranges all his life, but after one fatal accident in a gallery he never would have a counter or barrier of any sort between the shooter and the gallery attendant. Always he stood by the elbow or behind the man with the gun. The front end of the gun, he said, was always dangerous, no matter who held the weapon, and he handled guns on the theory that they were always loaded and cocked. That is an excellent working hypothesis.

Probably everyone who shoots, no matter how expert and careful he may be, has had narrow escapes from shooting somebody or getting shot accidentally. At least he has had a gun "go off" unexpectedly in his own hands. I profess to be a very careful man with a gun, but the cold shivers have chased up and down my spinal column more than once at the report of a gun that I had not intention of firing. I never shot anyone, but I have been shot by my friends often enough to make me mighty watchful of the business end of firearms and mighty sceptical of any man's assurance of his carefulness. Nothing like picking number eights out of your scalp, or digging a few buck shot out of your legs, to make you particular in choosing your hunting companions.

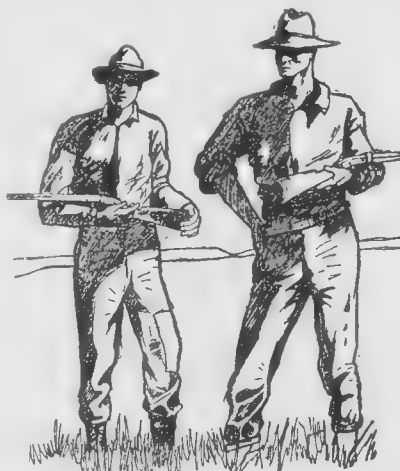
The chap to call down promptly and hard is the one who carries his rifle over his shoulder, pointing rearward, when he leads on the trail, or under his arm and pointing forward when he

throwing a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber is so simple and quick that it can be executed when game is seen unexpectedly without causing the hunter to miss the chance of a shot.

If two are walking in Indian file, and it is advisable to carry loaded guns, the leader should carry his weapon muzzle forward and the other should carry his piece over the shoulder. If there are three in the party, the middle man should carry his gun either so that it points to the side, or at such an angle on his shoulder that it cannot menace the man behind. But there is seldom any good reason why more than one rifle in the party should have a cartridge in the chamber. The man in the lead is the only one likely to get a snap shot and if game is jumped the others can load from their magazines.

However, no man having real good sense goes hunting with a crowd. One man with a gun is enough to watch, and to look out for when firing one's own weapon.

One thing that a man who handles firearms cannot learn too soon—many learn it too late and at terrible cost—is not to trust the lock mechanism of the best gun ever made. When working the lever or bolt of a magazine to transfer a cartridge from magazine to barrel, see that the muzzle points in a safe direction. The cartridge may be



SAFE.

exploded by the closing of the action. A friend, walking behind me, once shot at a deer, which appeared suddenly, and his bullet struck the ground an inch from my heel. It was the first time his rifle ever played such a trick, but we found that the mechanism had become so worn that it was likely to do the same thing again. That might have been a costly discovery for both of us. It cost us a deer as it was.

In closing the breech of a shot gun a cartridge may be exploded either through defect in the lock, the jamming of a firing pin, or the imperfect seating of a primer in the shell. Therefore, watch where your barrels point when you load a shot gun.

Did you ever travel with a man who jumped out of the wagon to shoot at everything in sight, and who always tried to get back into the wagon with his gun loaded and sometimes cocked? I had three consecutive days of that with an enthusiastic tyro, and that is why my hair began to turn grey before its time, I reckon. I had to hold him up forty times a day and compel him to break open that gun, and he never did learn the lesson.

Don't put a loaded gun into a wagon. Don't put a loaded gun anywhere out of your hands. If you must lay it down or stand it against a tree or a fence, unload the gun. But when you pick it up again assume that it is loaded and handle it accordingly. It would be incredible if it were not so sadly true that there are people so bereft of sense as to seize a gun by the muzzle and pull it toward themselves. Coroner's juries ascertain that amazing fact every year. Nothing but sudden death breaks some men of the insane habit of pulling guns by the

barrels out of wagons, out of boats and through fences.

It is a simple matter to break open a gun before climbing a fence or getting into or out of a boat, and it is easy to take hold of the right end at all times. If you insist on keeping the loads in your gun while scaling a fence, shove the gun through first, muzzle foremost, and when you are over, pick it up by the stock. To get in front of another man's gun is to be a reckless fool; to get in front of your own gun is to be a drivelling idiot.

I had a friend, an expert with firearms, and an accomplished sportsman,



DANGEROUS.

who was shot by his own dog with his own gun. He had been after ducks in a boat. When he came ashore he placed his loaded hammerless gun in the bow of the boat, left the dog in the stern and jumped out to haul the boat up from the water by the painter. The dog was eager to get ashore, and when the bow grated on the beach, he ran forward and jumped out. But the dog's foot touched a trigger, and my friend was killed. He forgot or neglected, carelessly, to unload his gun when he was done shooting.

The only safe habit is to remove cartridges from the barrel of rifles and shot guns as soon as you are done looking for game. Unload before you get back to camp, and with a magazine rifle be careful with the business end while you are working the lever to remove the shell from the chamber.

There are other rules of safety so obvious that it seems like teaching a kindergarten to repeat them, but the death list of each open season proves that hundreds of grown men need kindergarten lessons in shooting. This is the first: never shoot at anything which looks as if it might be a deer; be absolutely sure that it is a deer and nothing but a deer. Never shoot at all unless you know exactly what you are shooting at; something moving in the brush is not game—probably it is a man.

Another rule too often ignored, forbids shooting with bullets unless one can see where the bullets will stop. If you want to try your rifle at a mark, be sure that there is a backstop behind the target—a hill or a good thick tree. And don't shoot into a lake or pond on the theory that because a bullet is lead it



THREE OLD HANDS.

will sink as soon as it touches the water. It will skip like a flat stone, and may go a mile after striking the water. If there are waves or even ripples on the water, the bullet will not travel in a direct line. It may strike the side of a wave, and be deflected many degrees from its original course.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE

MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

These shooting rules apply of course to hunting grounds in settled countries. In an absolutely uninhabited wilderness one need not be so careful of the final destination of a bullet, but the wilderness is far away and soon will be only a memory. The Adirondacks and the Maine woods long ago ceased to be trackless wilds.

Coming down to the pistol and revolver, there are so many dangerous ways of handling them that one is disposed to doubt if there is any way of safety. A loaded revolver is a rattlesnake always ready to strike. One iron-clad rule, never to be broken, never forgotten for an instant, must suffice. Never permit a revolver, loaded or un-



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Sentence Sermons.

Power gives peace.
Patriotism needs patience.
Opportunity wears rubber shoes.
Troubles reverse the law of perspective.
Nothing fights age better than happiness.
A man can be serious without being sour.
Piety used as a pull soon gets frayed out.
Whetting the practices dulls the principles.
The open heart always finds the open heart.



loaded, to point toward yourself or anyone else—unless you mean to kill. If a friend playfully points an unloaded pistol at you, knock him down and beat sense into him with your fists.

If you handle firearms at all, never forget for a moment that they are deadly weapons, that they were made to destroy life, and are fearfully efficient contrivances for that purpose. A moment's forgetfulness may mean sudden death or a lifetime of haunting horror and misery.

Horse vs. Auto

Dick and his girl's just left us; that's them, nigh out of sight.
I wish him luck, for it's surely a royal sparkin' night.
From our double gate to the Court House is fourteen miles exact—
A two hour drive, we call it, when roads are good and packed;
But that auto rig contraption of his scoots up and down,
And he says it cuts the distance in half 'twixt here and town!
Well, mebbe it does; but it seems like he's goin' at things wrong—
On a night like this he ought to contrive at twice as long!

'Tis part of the age, however, an age of rush and run,
When unless you're fairly jumpin' you can't be havin' fun,
When a couple must take their ridin' at gallop speed or more,
With a choo, choo, choo, behind them, and nothin' at all before,
In a rig that can't be trusted to mind a crooked road,
And right in the midst of matters is liable to explode;
I reckon that one feels clever to make the doin' whirl.
The days when I was a-sparkin' the main point was the girl!

When I was a-courtin' Marthy I hitched up old white Pete,
And the only thing I asked him was that he'd keep his feet.
I wasn't obliged to guide him; he did the turnin' out,
And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.
When Marthy was snug beside me that old horse seemed to know
The likeliest shaded stretches where he had best go slow—
Why, grass and the trees and bushes along the way he cropped!
Slow! Well, on a few occasions, we warn't aware he'd stopped!

That was the style of ridin' when I was Courtin'—see?
Nothin' to watch but Marthy, and both hands, bless you, free,
With old Pete joggin', grazin', and cockin' at times an eve
Back at the seat, but sayin', "Don't mind; it's just a fly."
I s'picion there's fun in courtin' at even breakneck pace:
And Dick is the boy to do it—I've read it in her face.
But courtin' by rapid transit don't 'pear to me so sweet
As the ramblin', amblin' courtin' of Marthy and me and Pete.

The self-satisfied are seldom of any service.

Sin's salary is inseparable from its service.

Information is no substitute for inspiration.

The church needs men more than meetings.

Blessings are not to be measured by their bulk.

Losing the temper is a sure way of finding trouble.

He knows little who comprehends all he knows.

A short temper has the other kind of a tongue.

The strong man never fears care; but he flees from fret.

The fleeing palm tries to pass itself off for a helping hand.

You can no more measure a sin by its size than a tree by its seed.

It makes all the difference whether life is a factory or a school to you.

When the preacher goes to sleep its the preacher who needs to be awakened.

You can tell what a man's fruits will be if you know where he sets his roots.

Man was not born to do great things so much as to be great by doing things.

There's a world of difference between preaching on tackle and catching fish.

Many men mistake a disposition to kick at everything for a divine call to preach.

Almost all croakers are like bullfrogs sitting with their feet in the slime of some foul pool.—Henry F. Cope.

United.

English Rector (to parishioner). "Good morning, Thompson; I hear you have a son and heir?"

Parishioner.—"Yes, sir; our household now represents the United Kingdom."

Rector.—"How so?"

Parishioner.—"Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch, and the baby walls."

"Why do they 'water' stock, my dear?" the little wife inquired.

The husband who, of just that kind, had more than he desired,

Said: "There are several reasons which they offer; but to me

It's plain they water it to 'soak' investors; don't you see?"

An Italian inventor has produced a photographic machine with a film so sensitive that it will record 2,000 separate impressions per second.

Imitations of well-known articles are generally poor unsatisfactory things, and this applies particularly to Wilson's Fly Pads. Insist on getting the genuine; there are no other fly killers equal to Wilson's Pads.

SHOOTING OUTFIT No. 2

PRICE **\$7.75** EXPRESS PAID



This outfit includes a Single Barrel Breechloading Gun (12 or 16 gauge) choke-bored, nitro steel barrel, guaranteed for smokeless powders, and fitted with an automatic ejector. This Gun, together with a canvas cover, we will deliver FREE to any station in Canada for \$7.75 Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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PRICE **\$14.50** DELIVERED FREE



This outfit includes a Spencer Interchangeable (12 gauge) double-barrel Gun, with Damascus barrels and rebounding locks. The parts of this Gun are all interchangeable, and, as we always have these on hand, any repairs can be made quickly and at a very low cost. With this Gun also goes 25 loaded shells and a first-class re-loading set, comprising a turnover, loader, de-capper, re-capper, powder and shot measure and shell extractor. We absolutely guarantee every article in this outfit, and, if you are not entirely satisfied with it, we will cheerfully return your money. Remember, we pay express to any station in Canada.

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THE BIG GUN HOUSE, :: :: :: WINNIPEG

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Purifies the skin, rendering it smooth and velvety, price 50c per jar.

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Fills up hollow cheeks, removes wrinkles, and makes the face fresh and youthful in appearance, price \$1.50 per large jar.

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Tones up a flabby skin, refines the pores, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the skin, price \$1.00 per bottle.

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have stood the test for years and will do all she claims for them. They are positively pure and guaranteed not to grow hair on the face.

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These Schools are in separate buildings with every modern equipment upon beautiful grounds, 50 acres in extent and 800 feet above the level of Lake Ontario.

Resident pupils are provided with every care and comfort. Individual attention for every boy. The number of day pupils taken is limited.

Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for the cultivation of sports and athletics.

Six Entrance scholarships of \$75 each, and six of \$30 each, three scholarships in each class being for sons of old pupils.

Term commences September 12th, 1905. Examinations for entrance scholarships Saturday, September 16th, 1905.

Successes last year: 4 University scholarships; 12 first-class honors; 84 passes; 7 passes into Royal Military College, including first place.

For calendar and all other information, address

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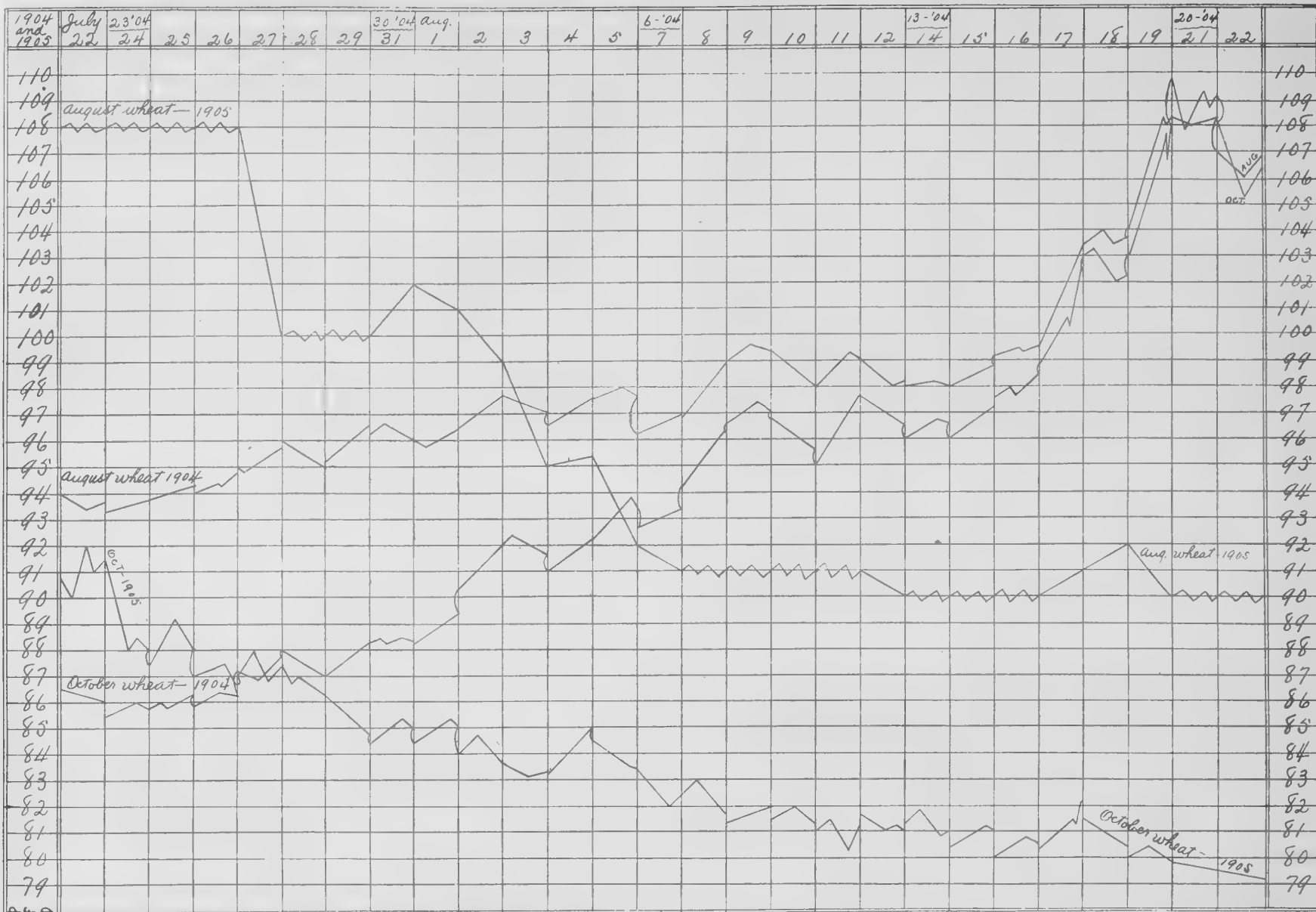
Our connections for the marketing of grain
are the best obtainable. Our motto is "The
best service always."

Before selling your grain, write us for a copy
of our Grain Shippers' Guide and Pocket
Memorandum Book. It contains valuable
information, and is yours for the asking.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Supplied by Bruce McBean & Co., Winnipeg Grain Exchange, for Month Ending August 22nd, 1905.



THE WHEAT MARKET.

Current Comment Gathered from Many Sources.

The following letter is furnished by Bruce McBean & Co., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg: As shown by the above chart the price of August wheat last year advanced from 94c. on July 22nd to \$1.08 on August 21st. During the same period October wheat gained 23c., the highest quotation being \$1.09½. From this there was a sharp break, as next month's chart will show.

The sudden rise in values last year was directly due to manipulation, although the advance really started on crop scares and other warranted conditions. That the price became inflated was proven by the sharp turn.

Conditions this year were almost the reverse to last season. Prices have ranged at a high level for some time and as harvest approached the prospects for the new crop were so favorable that traders found it impossible to keep the price up, although for a time they were supported on rust talk and other reports of damage.

During July cash wheat in the local market was cornered and the price of One Northern advanced to \$1.35. This was considered an illegal value, however, and an arbitration called for. The decision was in favor of the shorts, the settling price being fixed at \$1.16. Aside from this corner prices have shown a downward tendency, and values are now not far from an export basis.

What the future course of the market will be is of course a matter of speculation and will depend almost entirely on foreign conditions. At present the foreign situation does not warrant high prices in American markets and unless there are some important developments soon we are likely to see values ease off

a little. With a continuance of fine weather in the West the price of our October wheat might work off a few cents, but we have little doubt that the farmer will realize over 70c. at the terminal points for his one northern wheat. Even this price seems a low estimate after being accustomed to dollar wheat and should the price work below 75c. it ought to stimulate buying enough to hold the price regardless of conditions.

Should any reader of this magazine wish information as to how trading is conducted on the option market, or advice re shipping, prices, etc., we will be pleased to furnish same. Address all communications to Messrs. Bruce McBean & Co., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

A Ninety Million Bushel Crop.

The Winnipeg grain men and bankers who made a trip to the wheat fields have returned full of cheerful optimism. They visited the wheat growing districts in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, travelling over 2,135 miles of country in all and on every hand they saw evidence of a bumper crop. Every member of the party is enthusiastic over the bright prospects, and they predict a most prosperous year for the farmer and incidentally for the country.

After summing up individually what they saw on their trip, they collectively got together to make an estimate of the total amount of the yield for the West, and the average arrived at put the crop at 90,285,000 bushels. Some of the more optimistic members of the party put the total yield much higher than this. From present prospects it looks as if 90,000,000 bushels would be harvested this year

in Western Canada. The reports about the prevalence of rust in certain sections that were so industriously circulated recently were found to be a canard.

By the end of the second week in September the crops will be all cut; in fact, by September 1st the major portion will be in the stook.

After finally summing up, they put the average yield at 22½ bushels to the acre.

To Move the Crop.

From reports now at hand it is learned that the C.P.R. and C.N.R. freight traffic departments are making every effort to provide the necessary facilities to move the wheat with dispatch this year. Orders have gone forth to officials in outside points to mobilize the rolling stock, so that when threshing is well begun these cars can be rushed to the wheat centres throughout the company's branch lines.

About \$85,000,000 for the West.

The manufacturers and business men in the eastern provinces are giving considerable attention to the prosperity of the West. The Montreal Star advances the following figures to show that we will produce grain and live stock to the amount of some \$85,000,000 this year:—

"The financial world will be interested in the latest estimate of the money value of our Northwest crops. A good crop and western prosperity will mean much to the country in general, as well as the stock market.

"Here is a conservative estimate of the money that will flow to the West as the farmers turn their crops into cash:

Wheat—	80,000,000 bush. at 65c.	\$52,000,000
Barley—	18,000,000 bush. at 30c.	5,400,000
Oats—	70,000,000 bush.	21,000,000
Flax		500,000

Total \$78,900,000
Here is a total of nearly \$80,000,000 from grain alone.

Then there is to be taken into consideration the revenue to be derived from live stock, hides, wool, seneca root, and farm products, which after making all due allowance will bring the sum up to \$85,000,000."

Gadsby—Here's a funny misprint in this paper. It speaks of "contributions to the champagne fund." How do you account for it?

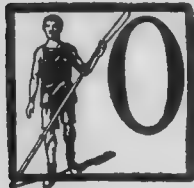
Bimbleby—Oh, the printer who set it up has been in politics himself.

Godfrey—I am sorry to hear that Squallop is in a bad way financially. What is the cause of it?

Scorjel—As nearly as I can learn, he has been trying to maintain an automobile position in society on a bicycle income.

Rough Barber—Do you often knead the skin of your face?

Mangled Customer—Oh, occasionally, but you seem to need it so much worse than I do that you might as well take the rest of it while you're about it.

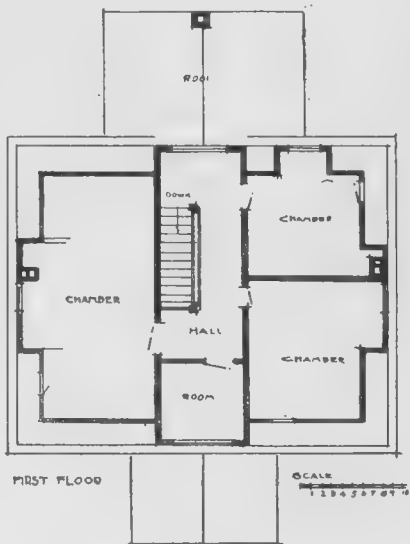
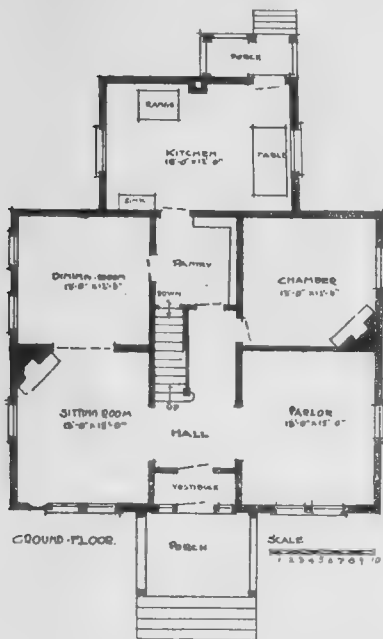


ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This house of eight rooms is very simply laid out. In fact, is the simplest of plans and could be very easily built. It has a wide entrance hall with stairway, and the rooms disposed

trance to basement is under the main stairs. The framework is built of 2 in. x 4 in. studs, 2 x 10 joist sheathed and papered both sides, clapboards over sheathing. The joist through-out is cedar or fir, and all inside to



equally on each side. The kitchen is roomy and convenient, and is only one story high. Upstairs is under the roof, and if plumbing was installed could have a bath room at the head of the stairs. On the ground floor there are two fireplaces. The en-

trance to basement is under the main stairs. The framework is built of 2 in. x 4 in. studs, 2 x 10 joist sheathed and papered both sides, clapboards over sheathing. The joist through-out is cedar or fir, and all inside to



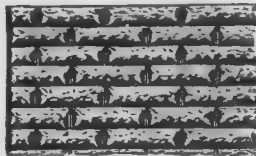
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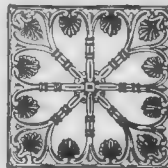
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CLARE & BROCKEST

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246 Princess Street

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an investigation?" "An investigation, my son, is usually an effort to locate the responsibility for a disaster after it's too late to make any difference."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

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is an ideal, artistic piano creation—superior in tone quality and beautiful in design
These pianos are made of the best materials, highest grade of workmanship being employed and will last a lifetime

The Nordheimer Piano Co.
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The Month's Bright Sayings

Ruth Jackson.

To-day the English lady is the worst housekeeper in the world. Two hundred years ago she was the best. The cause of the deterioration lies solely in the fact that our women know nothing about the duties which nature intends them to perform.

Dr. W. H. Dickinson.

Let us not forget that of all diseases none is more surely transmitted from father to son than that of mental weakness, it being generally recognized that, of the inmates of our asylums, no less than seventy per cent. are there by reason of hereditary insanity.

M. Witte.

Russia is now on the verge of dissolution as a great power, and is not obliged to accept any conditions offered, in spite of the military reverses she has sustained. We are passing through an internal crisis which has been marked by many grave events, which may have others still in store, but the crisis will pass, and in a few years Russia will again take her place as a preponderant power in the European concert.

Admiral Sir John Fisher.

There is no more abiding treaty than community of interest, and the interests of France and England are identical. Peace means happiness and commerce means prosperity.

Colored Preacher.

I am here to add color to this occasion. While the ethnologists are trying to determine my origin, and the theologians my destiny I have the inestimable satisfaction of knowing I am here.

W. Holt White.

Every American woman desires to see Paris, the place to which it is said she will go when she dies, if she behaves well on earth.

Bishop of London.

It is not inconsistent for the great scientific man to be religious, still less is it for the most devout man to be enthusiastic in science.

Lord Roseberry.

It has never been impossible for the Government at any period during the last two years to obtain a vote of confidence, and it will not be difficult, I presume, until this parliament ends. But there is something which is more valuable even than the confidence of parliament: there is the confidence of the country.

Duke of Devonshire.

I think it is only fair to English landlords to say that I believe there are very few of them who look upon their estates merely as a source of revenue. We believe that, with very few exceptions indeed, English landlords feel that the possession of estates, large or small, entail upon them a great responsibility for the well-being of all those who reside upon them.

Dr. John Haddon.

Unsuitable food is a potent factor in disease, and we dig our graves with our teeth.

The Echo.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.

The Gentlewoman.

There is not the slightest doubt that the majority of men of forty and fifty and upwards are infinitely more interesting than those who are yet in their "salad days."

The Indian Magazine.

This seems to me to be the most striking feature of American life: Everything is a makeshift, something that will roughly serve the purpose required for a short time, to be flung aside for the next notion that comes along. Americans give me the idea that they confidently expect the Millennium next week, and therefore it is not worth while to do anything well.

Maud Johnson.

Suppose the time that men and women now spend in trying to keep up with the fashions were devoted to physical development. Can you imagine what a race of gods would inhabit this earth a few generations hence?

Keep mental cobwebs' dust and the brain ashes brushed off by frequent trips to the country, or by travel.

Portable Grain Elevators



**Both Horse Power or
Gasoline styles for filling
Granaries and loading cars**

SAVE money and load your own cars. It can be done with one-tenth the labor. Save 90 per cent. of the time required by hand. Gasoline power outfit can be used for sawing wood, grinding grain, etc., when not used for elevating. Every farmer should have one. Write at once for catalogue.

Special introductory price.

**The Harmer Implement Co.
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... FOR ...

**Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera
Morbus, Cholera Infantum,
Seasickness,
Summer Complaint,
and all Looseness of the Bowels in
Children or Adults.**

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
Wild Strawberry

is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

MRS. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Roseneath, Ont., writes:
"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

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Provisional Offices: Merchants Bank Building, Winnipeg.

Now Opened to Complete Organization.

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Chairman of Provisional Directors:

D. C. CAMERON, President Rat Portage Lumber Co.

G. R. CROWE President Northern Elevator Co.

H. M. HOWELL, K. C. Messrs. Howell, Mathers, Howell & Hunt.

SIR DANIEL H. McMILLAN, K. C. M. G. Lieutenant-Governor
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FREDERICK NATION, Merchant, Brandon.

CAPT. WM. ROBINSON, Steamboat Owner, President Dominion Fish Co.

HON. R. P. ROBLIN, Premier Province of Manitoba.

FRED. W. STOBART Messrs. Stobart Sons & Co.

E. C. WARNER, President Midland Linseed Oil Co. Minneapolis.

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Liverpool, Eng.

Note—The list of Directors is subject to the vote of the Shareholders at their first meeting who may then increase or decrease the number.

GENERAL MANAGER:

J. W. de C. O'GRADY, Late Manager Bank of Montreal, Chicago, Ill.

SOLICITORS:

Messrs. Howell, Mathers, Howell & Hunt.

**AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$2,000,000
In 20,000 Shares of \$100 each.**

Of which it has been decided to issue at present 10,000 shares at \$110 per share, being one-half of the authorized capital.

TERMS—\$5 per share of the par value on application, \$5 per share on allotment, \$30 per share on the first day of the month immediately succeeding the date of allotment, \$10 per share every three months thereafter, on the first day of the month, until the whole amount, including the premium, is paid.

Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum up to the date fixed for payment will be allowed on payments made in advance.

Forms of application for stock, prospectuses or any further information may be obtained from

S. S. CUMMINS, Secretary for Organization,
At the Provisional Office, Merchants Bank Building
MAIN ST., - - WINNIPEG.

The most Economical Tea

Trying to save money by buying "cheap" tea is really being "penny wise and dollar foolish." Because the pound of "cheap" tea will not make nearly so many cups as will a pound of Blue Ribbon Tea. In fact, it takes about a pound and a quarter of most other teas to give as many cups as one pound of

Blue Ribbon

You can easily prove this for yourself.

Suppose it takes four teaspoons of the other tea to make the number of cups you use for breakfast.

Use only three teaspoons of Blue Ribbon Tea for the same number of cups.

You will find the Blue Ribbon "3-spoon" tea fully as strong as the other "4-spoon" kind, besides having a rich full flavor that the other never had.

So you see 3 pounds of Blue Rib-

bon Tea is really better than 4 pounds of the other tea.

Four pounds of "cheap" tea at, say 35c., would cost \$1.40, while 3 pounds of Blue Ribbon at 40c. would only cost \$1.20, making a great saving on every pound of Blue Ribbon, besides getting better tea.

The tea that seems cheap is really the most extravagantly expensive.

Try a pound of Blue Ribbon Tea, and test this saving for yourself. Ask for the Red Label. Nearly every grocer in Canada sells it.

About Sending Coupons.

Instead of putting Coupons inside Blue Ribbon Coffee, Baking Powder, etc., we are gradually arranging to print them on the wrappers. To save postage, send only the part of wrapper marked with value. It can easily be removed from tins by cutting around with a sharp knife.

15

MONTHS

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50 CENTS

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly

is 50 Cents a year. The date on your paper will show you when your subscription expires. Send us 50 cents now and we will extend the date of your subscription an additional three months, making in all fifteen months for 50 cents.

Weak Men Cured in 30 Days



Not a penny down. Simply drop me a postal card with your name and address, and I will forward you at once one of my latest improved high-grade Electric Belts Free. You can use it three months, then pay me if cured, and the price will be only half what others ask for their inferior Belts. If not cured, you return the Belt to me at my expense and YOUR WORD WILL DECIDE. I am willing to trust you entirely, knowing that I have the best and most perfect Belt ever invented, and nine in ten always pay when cured.

I will Trust You.

This modern Belt is the only one that generates a powerful therapeutic current of electricity without soaking the battery in vinegar, as all other Belts do, and it is guaranteed never to burn. It is a certain and positive cure in all cases of Rheumatism. Varicose, Dyspepsia, Losses, Weak Back, Nervousness, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles and Weakness brought on by abuse and excess.

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to each person writing me, one copy of my beautifully illustrated Medical Book, which should be read by all men and women. Drop me a postal and I will send it to you FREE in sealed wrapper. If you are weak in any way delay no longer, but write to-day for my splendid Book and Belt FREE. Write to-day.

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Women and The Home



A Few Hints on Ironing.

Iron things while very damp which have been "cold starched."

Do the flounces and frills and bands of embroidery of lace first in ironing starched skirts, and iron upward to and not downward from the band.

Be sure to remove all the old starch from collars and cuffs and shirt bosoms when washing them.

Have "starched things" quite dry before starching them, and let them lie twenty-four hours starched, and damp them well before ironing them.

If you have no polishing iron, a very nicely kept flat iron does quite well, but you must dampen the already ironed parts before polishing.

Miscellaneous.

A dish of powdered charcoal kept in the refrigerator will help to keep the air sweet. It should be changed twice a week.

Save tea leaves for washing varnished paint. When sufficient leaves have been collected steep them for half an hour in a tin vessel and then strain through a sieve. This water gives a fresher, newer appearance to varnished wood than ordinary soap and water.

Mildew is not generally affected by chemicals, though it sometimes yields to their action. It may best be treated with a stiff paste made by boiling down Castile soap shavings, spreading a thick layer of this upon the stain and scattering over it some powdered potash. Moisten slightly with water and bleach out on the grass.

When starching toilet covers or anything that has fringe trimming, double the cover into four and gather the fringe tightly into the hand; hold firmly while you dip the middle of the cover into the starch. When dry, shake the fringe well, comb carefully with a large toilet comb and it will fall as softly and prettily as when new.

To wash the thin white silk waists which are so popular, use any soft, lukewarm water and a pure white soap—Castile soap is excellent. Make good suds with this, and dip the garment up and down in the suds, rubbing gently with the hand until clean. Rinse well, and when almost dry, press it on the wrong side. If the waist is not a wash silk, it should be sent to the professional cleaner, to be cleaned with some dry-cleaning process. Many articles which cannot be cleaned with water will stand a wash in gasoline to very great advantage. But one must be very careful in using gasoline, it is so inflammable.

To clean matting, sweep it twice, first with a stiff broom, working along the grain of the straw; then crosswise with a soft broom dipped in warm water, rinsing with clean water. This brightens all sorts of colored matting, and also saves it, in a measure, from fading. Very light matting is best washed, after sweeping, with weak borax water or rather wiping with cloths wrung out of it. Anything whatever slopped upon a matted floor makes the estate of it much worse than the first. Dust invariably collects underneath and, once wet, shows through in ugly dark splotches. For grease spots a grain of prevention beats a ton of cure, but if they exist, cover them quickly with prepared chalk wet with turpentine, let the mixture remain for two days, then brush off with a stiff brush. If the spots are very big and very greasy, put one-eighth as much washing soda as chalk and mix with water to the thickness of putty.

Contemplate beauty in all its forms and you will drive everything that is ugly out of your life.

Her and Him.

Love in Outline.

"Twas in a breach of promise suit the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of her epistles said:

"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear friend," "Dear John," "My cherished Four-Leafed Clover,"

"My ownest Jack," "Dear friend," "Dear Sir," then "Sir"—and all was over.

A Weakling.

It's a fact every man would be glad to dispute,
But there seems no good way to defeat it,
Adam hadn't the courage to gather the fruit,
But seemed perfectly willing to eat it.

Sentimental Geography.

"How far is it around the world?"

In girlish innocence asked she

"Ah, let us measure it, my dear,"

Her lover made reply, "and see,"

Then when he'd placed his strong right arm

Around her waist so small and trim,

He found it wasn't very far,

For she was all the world to him.

Two Views.

If all the women were as good as the few I'd say: "Let us saint the whole lot!"—wouldn't you?

But oh! if the few were as false as the many

And I did the sainting, there wouldn't be any.

From the Cynic.

Three women may a secret keep

If, as it has been said,

There's one of the lot has heard it not

And the other two are dead.

"What is a magazine, pa?" "Reading-matter between layers of 'frenzied finance.'"

"You should love your enemy." "Ye-es; but, you see—well, I am married to him."

High finance is now getting so high that some people expect to get to heaven from the top of it.

"She introduced him as her cousin once removed, didn't she?" "Oh, no—as her husband once removed."

Auntie (to her young niece)—"Guess what I know, Mary—there's a little baby brother upstairs! He came this morning when you were asleep."

Mary—Did he? Then I know who brought him—it was the milkman.

Auntie—What do you mean, Mary?

Mary—Why, I looked at the sign on his cart yesterday, and it said "Families supplied daily."

HE TOOK HIS WIFE'S ADVICE

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured the Stomach Trouble that Confined Henry A. Coles to His Bed.

One of the unpleasant features of Indigestion and Dyspepsia is that it always keeps getting worse. Take the case of Henry A. Coles, of St. Mary's River, Guysboro Co., N.S. He says:

"I had Stomach Trouble for about five years more or less, and at last I was taken to my bed and the doctor called in. He did me no good. I was suffering a great deal and did not know what to do."

Everyone must admit Mr. Coles was in a bad way. But that's what Indigestion leads to if you neglect it. But if Mr. Coles did not know what to do, his wife did. She said, "Try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets." Like a wise man he took his wife's advice, and of the result he says:

"I took seven boxes, and I have not felt any of the trouble since. I heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to any sufferer from Stomach Trouble. They cured me."

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Rolled Beefsteak Balls.

Slice round steak thin. Cut narrow strips about two inches wide, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll and fasten with a toothpick. Take a medium sized onion, stick half a dozen cloves in it, place in the centre of a kettle and put the beefsteak balls round it. Cover all with water, hot, cover closely, place in the oven and bake three hours, or simmer slowly on the top of the stove.

Fish Chowder, Plain.

Take any ordinary fresh fish, bass, pickerel, white fish, etc., and boil till done. Drain and bone the fish. At the same time cook one or two onions, according to taste and half a dozen potatoes sliced thin. Drain these and put all three in one pot. Sprinkle with flour, dry and with a fork lightly lift the ingredients so that all shall have some flour. Add a generous lump of butter, some pepper, and salt to taste. Then cover all with sweet milk and boil till the flour is cooked, taking care not to allow it to burn.

Raisin Brown Bread.

Three cups of graham flour, one cup flour, three level teaspoons soda, two and a half cups sour milk, one teaspoon salt, one cup molasses, half teaspoon cinnamon, one cup raisins, seeded and cut fine. Beat all together, put in baking powder cans two-thirds full, well greased, and steam two hours. Are easy to make and are nice for luncheons.

Lemon Pudding.

Put on one pint of milk to scald. Meanwhile mix four tablespoons sugar, half tablespoon butter, half tablespoon flour and yolks of four eggs. Beat light and add to scalded milk, and set away till cold. Beat whites of four eggs, juice and rind of a lemon, add to the cold mixture. Beat all, pour into a greased mould and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Bake as a custard, setting the mould in a pan of water in the oven.

Lemon Dessert.

One quart boiling water, two lemons, one cup sugar, whites of three eggs, four large tablespoons corn starch. Add grated rind and juice of lemons and the sugar to the boiling water. Boil and add corn starch, mixed with cold water. Remove and stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Set in a mould to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

Meat Patties.

Take fresh beef and pork or beef alone, cut in pieces and put through a meat chopper; spread on meat board, season with pepper, salt and sage to suit taste. Roll in patties like biscuits. Have frying pan with suet cut fine, and hot; put patties in and when done on one side turn; do not let brown too much. When done place on platter and put tablespoon of flour into the frying pan with drippings, and brown. Season with salt and pepper. Put boiling water in on brown flour and you will have a delicious gravy.

Delicious Pudding.

Two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of white sugar, three yolks of eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one quart of fresh milk, one-half cup of jelly or jam. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of eggs, beaten to a cream, then add bread crumbs, which have been previously soaked in the milk. Bake in a pudding dish (not filling it more than two-thirds full) until the custard is set; then draw it to the mouth of the oven and spread jelly or jam. Cover this with a meringue of the whites of the eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Put back in oven until meringue is light brown. To be eaten cold with cream.

Orange Pudding.

Two sweet oranges, sliced small, one-half quart milk, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoon of corn starch, one-half cup of bread crumbs, yolks of two eggs. Heat the milk: when nearly boiling add corn starch wet with a little cold milk. Beat eggs and sugar to a cream, then pour into the milk and corn starch. Add oranges and bread crumbs. Set in oven until done. Make meringue of whites of the eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and spread on top of pudding and brown lightly. Take out to be eaten cold or with whipped cream.

Cream Puffs.

One cup of water, one-half cup of butter; boil together. When boiling take off and stir in one cup of flour till nearly cool; add three unbeaten eggs and stir until smooth; then drop in gem tins and bake twenty-five minutes in oven. Take out and partially open on side and fill with a cream made of three tablespoonfuls of flour and one-half cup sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of vanilla.

Salad Dressing.

Beat yolk of one egg, add one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one teaspoonful of butter, a little black pepper, one tablespoonful of flour stirred in one-half cup of vinegar. Add white of egg beaten with a pinch of salt and cook altogether till it forms a paste not too thick. Chop cabbage fine and sprinkle salt in it, then pour dressing while hot into cabbage. Cover till you want to use.

Pine apple Jelly.

Soak one box Knox gelatine two minutes in cold water, add one quart boiling water and one-half cup sugar. Then add juice of two lemons and one can grated pineapple. Put in moulds to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Fruit Tea Cake.

Take four cups flour, break one egg in flour, add butter size of large egg, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, three tablespoons sugar. Moisten with milk. When all are mixed thoroughly add one and a half cups fresh berries (blueberries preferred). Mix in lightly to prevent breaking of fruit. Bake in moderate oven. When done cut in squares. Butter and eat while hot.

Cocoanut Cream Pudding.

Three tablespoons of tapioca, soaked for four or five hours in tepid water. Boil until clear, add one tablespoon corn starch which has been dissolved in a little milk. Two cups boiling milk, one-half cup sugar, yolks of two eggs. Boil ten minutes. Add three tablespoonfuls cocoanut and boil five minutes longer. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, spread on top and brown lightly in the oven. Flavor.

Escalloped Eggs.

The ingredients needed are: One dozen hard boiled eggs, one pint milk, one cup bread crumbs, butter size of an egg, one tablespoon flour, salt, pepper. Slice eggs and arrange in layers in a baking dish; sprinkle with the bread crumbs, thickened with the flour and seasoned with the salt and pepper. Put another layer of the sliced eggs, then bread crumbs as before, on top. Pour over all the milk. Bake in oven twenty minutes.

Cheese Croquettes.

Three tablespoons melted butter, one-third cup flour, two-thirds cup milk made in a paste, two cups grated cheese, two eggs, one-half cup cracker crumbs. Make in croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Soft Custard.

One quart milk, four eggs, eight tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, salt. Beat eggs and add sugar, salt, milk and flavoring. Poach in oven twenty minutes. Test with knife; when done the knife comes out clean.

Milk Sherbet.

Four cups milk, one and a half cups sugar, three lemons. Mix juice and sugar and stir constantly. Add milk slowly to prevent appearance of curd. Freeze. This recipe is simple in two ways: it is easily and quickly made; and for evening refreshments it is more economical and is often more relished than ice cream.

Corn Starch Mold.

Three cups cold water, one and a half cups sugar, juice and rind of two lemons, three tablespoons corn starch, one-eighth teaspoon salt; blend corn starch and sugar, add to the water, boil till clear, preferably in a double boiler. Add lemon. When nearly cold beat in two whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Serve cold, with a custard made of the two egg yolks and one cup of milk; boil and flavor with lemon and sugar.

Potato Cake.

Mix together one pint hot mashed potatoes, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon butter, two tablespoons milk, flour enough to roll out like paste. Cut in squares and cook on greased pans in oven. This can be prepared after noon meal and just before tea time can be put in oven.

Pop Overs.

One cup sifted flour, three-quarters cup milk, one egg, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Blend flour, salt, and milk to a smooth paste. Break in egg and beat for five minutes with an egg beater. Pour into buttered dishes and bake in hot oven.

Nut Cakes.

Cream one-half cup butter with one cup sugar, add yolks of two eggs, beaten, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon milk, whites of two eggs, beaten, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla, one cup nuts chopped. Break off in pieces and drop on greased pans. Bake in hot oven.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Hollo-way's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what amount of pain is saved.

Woolen braids that are shrunk in hot and cold soapsuds, without rinsing, using rain water, if possible, will be found immeasurably softer than if clear water is used, and consequently will wear the shoes out less.

"Sometimes," said the literary man with spectacular tendencies, "one comes to a point where it is a terrible strain to write any more."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Tax; "I often experience that sensation when working on a check book."

It is curious to observe that even the greatest realists do not venture to bestow eye-glasses on their heroines.

It Was Proved

by the judges at the St. Louis Fair, 1904, to be the purest tea in the world and for that reason received the highest award and gold medal.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea—Black, Mixed or Green. Lead Packets Only.



The Pickling Season is Now On

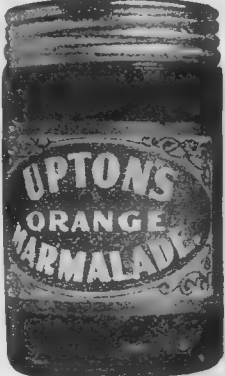
To make good Pickles depends largely on the Vinegar used.

BLACKWOOD'S VINEGARS

have stood the test for the past fifteen years, and have been acknowledged the best by competent judges.

Ask your grocer for BLACKWOOD'S Special Pickling Vinegars, manufactured in White Wine, Malt and Cider.

The BLACKWOOD'S. LIMITED, WINNIPEG, Man.



UPTON'S

ORANGE

MARMALADE

served with toast makes a delicious breakfast.

Insist on your grocer supplying UPTON'S

THE BEST STARCH

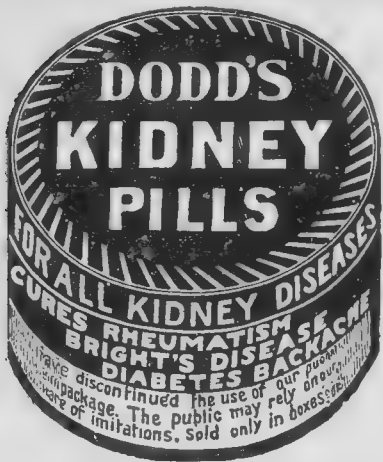
is none too good for the careful, tidy housekeeper

THE BEST STARCHES

ARE **Edwardsburg "Silver Gloss"** AND **Benson's "Prepared Corn"**

Remember this when buying

Edwardsburg Starch Co. Ltd.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST. Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situate; or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. It is the practice of the Department to require a settler to bring 15 acres under cultivation, but if he prefers he may substitute stock; and 20 head of cattle, to be actually his own property, with buildings for their accommodation, will be accepted instead of the cultivation.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such a person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses 2, 3 or 4 must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 30 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of three years, before the local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at the Immigration Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry; and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

Boys and Girls

Nuggets.

Distrust that man who rails against any religion, sect or cult—he is a fanatic.

Trust not that man who believes he is right and all others are wrong—he lacks knowledge, honesty of thought, and wisdom.

Trust not that man who has one word to say against Jew, Christian, Heathen or Pagan—he is a prejudiced fanatic.

Trust not the pessimist, the whiner, the complainer, the grumbler, or the pernicious reformer—he lacks love and faith and God-force.

While thou dost not place trust in these men, do not condemn them—love them—they are eternal souls with undeveloped minds.

Be wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hurts me; reason bids me love my friend, and hate those that envy me; religion bids me love all and hate none, and overcome evil with good.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

He that is wise will have somewhere in his heart a gratitude to God for the times when he was given the advantage of his failures. He who trusts God will remember this, and take heart in the day of his failures.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

You must be careful not to trust any other unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep; there is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.

Do not think you can do anything worth doing in a fit of enthusiasm, but train yourself carefully to do any work that you are called on to do, and think nothing too small to do carefully, or for which to train carefully—that is, for the good of your fellow-man.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.

Our happiness must be the joy of others. It is impossible to feel joyful without those about us sharing it. Therefore it is our duty to cultivate happiness.

SUFFERED TORTURE FOR FOUR YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Wm. Doeg's Rheumatism.

He was so Bad that He Could not Lie Down but had to Sit Night and Day in a Chair.

Sundridge, Ont., Sept. 5.—(Special). Mr. William Doeg, of this place, now a hale hearty man, tells of his most miraculous cure of Rheumatism by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For four years I suffered excruciating torture," says Mr. Doeg. "I was scarcely an hour free from pain. I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair."

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried several medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I never again would be from pain. Then I read of some remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I procured a box and soon found they were doing me good, and before I had finished the second box I was entirely free from pain, and a new man."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism by putting the Kidneys in shape to take the cause—Uric Acid—out of the blood.

We Want

your

Name and Address

As we purpose sending
you our handsome new
Jewelry Catalogue.

We take pride in mailing a copy to you, as it contains articles of jewelry, watches, clocks, etc., of first quality, good workmanship and excellent design.

The name "Dingwall" on jewelry represents the highest quality and is our personal guarantee of its worth.

Any piece selected from catalogue not meeting with your entire approval can be returned to us and money refunded.

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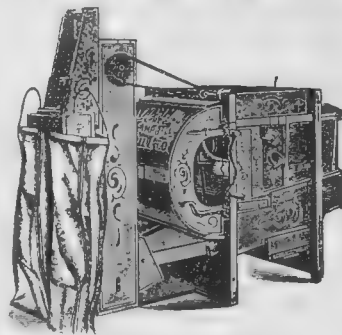
WINNIPEG.

WILSON'S

FLY PADS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

INCREASE YOUR GRAIN CROPS 20%



CHATHAM FANNING MILL.
Capacity, 40 to 80 bushels per hour.

The Earth Will Yield It Up If You Sow Good Seed.

The Chatham Fanning Mill is the most perfect invention in existence for cleaning and grading seeds and grain. Its use on hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and the United States and in all the grain-raising countries in the world proves its absolute merit. Capacity, 40 to 80 bushels per hour, and 16 screens supplied, which adapt it to every natural use. It cleans the grain and sorts it into all kinds and sizes and insures

PURE, PLUMP, HEALTHY SEEDS

absolutely free from weeds, a gain of fully 20% in the crops and a great reduction in labor. Bagging attachment will save labor of one man.

PRIZE AWARDS at World's Fair, St. Louis;
Pan-American, Buffalo;
World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, Halifax,
Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

Only One Example

Mr. O. E. Perkins, of Hallsport, N.Y., got \$550 more for 1,000 bushels of wheat than his neighbor did, by cleaning it with his Chatham Mill and selling it for pure seed at \$1.25 per bushel, against 70 cents per bushel which his neighbors received in the market.

Chatham Separator, for separating Oats from Wheat
Illustrated above is indispensable to those who want to thoroughly separate oats from wheat. It is used for this purpose only, and is operated with practically no effort.

Guarantee for Five Years

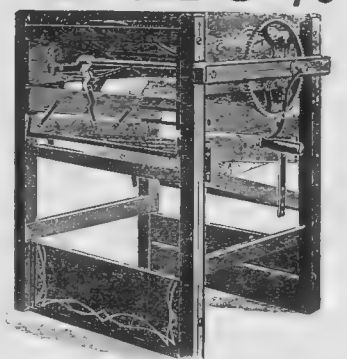
Every Chatham Fanning Mill and Chatham Separator is guaranteed to give satisfaction for five years, and our easy payment system will enable either one to earn its cost many times over before the bill is fully paid.

We also sell the Chatham Incubator on very easy terms. Write now before you forget it; a post card will do.

THE MANSON CAMPBELL CO., LIMITED, Dept. 211 CHATHAM, CANADA

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MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE



CHATHAM SEPARATOR
For separating Oats from Wheat

Chatham Farm Scale

is a necessity to every farmer who wishes to know how much he buys and sells. It is standard weight, guaranteed by the Canadian Government, and is made in 3 styles, capacity, 2000 lbs.—2-wheel truck scale, 4-wheel wagon scale and 4-wheel wagon scale, high beam.

Simple and handiest scale made: drop a lever and it becomes a strong truck, raise a lever and you have an accurately adjusted, perfectly constructed farm scale. When the lever is dropped no weight or wear comes on knife edges of the scale, an advantage which no other farm scale possesses.

Sold also on easy-payment plan

Five Years' Guarantee



CHATHAM FARM SCALE, CAPACITY 2000 LBS.
Also Two Other Styles.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the October issue.

Conundrums.

1. Why is the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?
2. When is butter like Irish children?
3. What color is grass when covered with snow?
4. Why is a man with wooden legs like an even bargain?
5. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
6. Why is "I" the luckiest of all the vowels?



No. 7 Diamond.

- (a) In magnet.
- (b) To scrape with the foot.
- (c) Turkish viceroy.
- (d) An instrument of force.
- (e) A game.
- (f) An insect.
- (g) In magnet.



Syllable Puzzle.

8. I am a word of nine letters;
My 7, 6, 4, 3 is an animal;
My 1, 6, 2, 5 is a mineral;
My 5, 2, 3, 9 is coming after usual time;
My 1, 2, 3 is a small animal;
My whole is a classified enumeration for encouraging trade.



Square.

9. (a) A garment.
- (b) An animal.
- (c) The amount contained in a surface.
- (d) A sign of sorrow.



Half-Square.

10. (a) A town on the Lake of the Woods.
- (b) A town in Ontario on the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways.
- (c) A missive.
- (d) The substance from which metals are obtained.
- (e) A musical syllable.
- (f) A letter.



Answers to Puzzles.

1. A microbe.
2. Because the bride is given away, but the bridegroom is often sold.
3. When it can't bear you.
4. Because it covers its face with its hands and runs down its own works.
5. Because it's a settler.
6. Simpleton.
8. Time.



Prize Winners.

John Price, Fishing Lake, Assa.
A. Alvis, Oak River, Man.
Etta Ballantyne, Brookdale, Man.
Wm. Hyde, Russell, Man.
Grace Cowman, New Kansas, Alta.
Rhoda Green, Box Alder, Ont.
Ella Lewis, Sheho, Assa.
Katie Friesen, Kleefeld, Man.
Miss White, Riding Mountain, Alta.
Mamie Barber, Steerford, Alta.
Bricker Offerlin, Dubuc, Assa.
Geo. L. Harrington, Winnipeg, Man.
Mary Dobson, 208 Duke St., St. John's, N. B.
Rose E. Salmark, Scandinavia, Man.



Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all. There is no other fly killer just as good. In this matter the best is certainly the cheapest.

All Druggists and Grocers sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

Victory.

When you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile, inwardly, glorying in the insult—that is victory.

When your good is evil-spoken of, your wishes are crossed, your taste is offended, your advice ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory.

When you are content with simple raiment, plain food, any climate, any solitude, any interruption—that is victory.

When you can bear any discord, any annoyance, any irregularity or unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause)—that is victory.

When you can stand face to face with folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, contradiction of sinners, persecution, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, nor seek after commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown—that is victory.



Your Letter Went Astray.

Because you forgot to address it.
Because you forgot to stamp it.
Because you forgot to write the town or state on the envelope.
Because you didn't write the street and number plainly.
Because you used a once-canceled stamp.

Because you used internal revenue stamps instead of postage stamps.

Because you used a foreign stamp.
Because you wrote the address so badly that no one could read it.

Because you wrote the address on top of the envelope and it was obliterated by the post office dating, receiving and canceling stamps.

Because you put your letter in a blank envelope and sealed it and forwarded it to the dead-letter office, where thousands upon thousands of valuable letters are daily destroyed because the people are either careless or ignorant of the postal laws.



"Did you ever hear a man who talked as much about how he manages his household as Blifferly does?" asks Mr. Fadoogus. "He is forever blowing his own horn."

"Yes," answers McTimms. "He blows his own horn away from home, but there he plays second fiddle."

If You Do Your Own Sewing

it is all the more reason why you should use only

Belding's Spool Silks

They save both time and money.

Belding's Silks are tough and strong, because they are pure silk. That makes them wear.

They sew smoothly, evenly—because they are free of kinks and knots. That prevents threads breaking.

You can do MORE work—and better work—and do it EASIER—with Belding's Silks.

Every shade and tint for hand and machine work.

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'Canada's Greatest Nurseries'



We offer the Largest List of Hardy, Tested varieties of Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Stock, Shrubs and Quick Growing Trees for Windbreaks, all recommended and successfully grown by the EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS at BRANDON and INDIAN HEAD.

Write now for Terms, and send 25c for our HANDY ALUMINUM POCKET MICROSCOPE, just the thing to use in examining grains and seeds, plants and trees.

Liberal Terms. Pay Weekly, Exclusive Territory. Specially designed outfit for Western men.

Stone & Wellington, Fonthill Nurseries
Over 800 Acres
TORONTO, ONTARIO

JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE WEAK.

To You Who Have Drugged in Vain.

To You Who Have Been Robbed by Quacks.

To You Who Have Lost Faith in Everything.

To people who are weak and debilitated, not only from the effects of a drain upon the vitality, but from excessive drugging, from ruining the body with poisonous chemicals; to people whose faith in doctors and remedies of all kinds has been destroyed by the failure of every remedy that has been tried—to all who are sick of medicines which never cure, I say,

STOP DRUGGING.

Weak Back, Kidney and Stomach Trouble.

Loch Manor, Man., May 25, 1905.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I have now worn your Belt for a month every day since I received it, and I can say that it has already done me a lot of good in every part of my body, though I have been working very hard every day in bad, stony land, picking stones. My back is getting stronger; my kidneys work better; my stomach is in good order, and digests the food properly.

Yours truly,

N. C. RUSHOE.

STOP DOSING YOURSELF.

Sciatica, Rheumatism and Indigestion Cured.

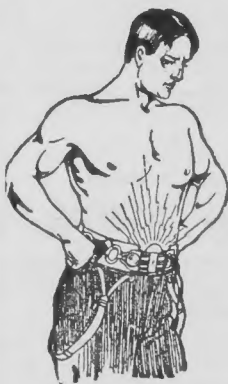
St. Catharines, Ont., May 18, 1905.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—You will be pleased to hear that your Belt has completely cured me of sciatica, rheumatism and indigestion, for which you have my sincere thanks. I have not taken a pill since using it, which is almost two years ago. Wishing you every success,

I remain, yours very truly,

ROBERT COMBE.



All I ask is reasonable security that I will get my pay after you are cured. I will send you my New Belt with its Electric Suspensory and all attachments necessary for your case, and you can

PAY WHEN CURED

Nature calls for new strength, and you will never be cured until you supply that strength. This is not found in drugs, all of which are temporary stimulants. The real strength of the nerves and vital organs is electricity. That is what the body has lost, and what it must get back. My

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

supplies this. It is an absolutely positive cure for all forms of Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Varicocele, Weak Stomach, and all those physical and vital Weaknesses, Confusion of Ideas, Kidney and allied complaints, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., etc. It has cured thousands every year after every other known remedy has failed.

CALL TO-DAY.

FREE } Consultation.
Book. Test.

If You Can't Call Send
Coupon for Free Book.

DR. M. McLAUGHLIN, 214 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your books as advertised.

Name

Address

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p.m.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Insanity, Vices and Troubles are Catching.

By realizing Oneness we become good and wise—whole.

All beings are practically One; what affects one affects all to a more or less degree.

The Hindu metaphysicians and Wise Men have always taught this doctrine of Oneness.

In a recent issue of the New York Journal we find the following excellent editorial:

All human beings imagine themselves, thanks to our naturally blissful condition of egotism, to be highly important separate individuals.

We think that we are born independent of all other men and women, and that each of us can map out his little life in his own way.

As a matter of fact, we are simply drops in a big cistern, and we take on, in spite of ourselves, the characteristics of the drops next to us.

Take a drop of pure water and throw it into the ocean, it becomes salt. Throw the same drop into a cesspool, and it becomes foul.

Human beings, in spite of themselves, and without any exception, absorb the characteristics of those around them.

These very commonplace remarks are suggested by the case of Dr. Geo. A. Schurteff.

This unfortunate physician was for years superintendent of the Stockton Insane Asylum, in California.

He was looked upon as a man of extraordinary mental power, a great expert in insanity.

He is now dying of dementia in the asylum which he used to control.

There is not the slightest question that mental disease was bred in him by constant association with those mentally afflicted. The climax in his misfortune was caused by his failure to cure his adopted daughter of insanity. When he discovered that her case was hopeless, his mind gave way—and he will probably spend the rest of his life as a lunatic.

If a man can be thus afflicted with a repulsive disease which can have no possible attraction for him, think how powerful and how fatal must be the effects of association with vices and afflictions that attract us.

If a strong-minded physician cannot associate with the insane without himself becoming insane, what chance has a young man or a young woman or a young child left to associate with others morally deranged?

Every man and woman, bearing in mind the fact that the brain absorbs impressions constantly, and is constantly changing its complexion, should resolve to avoid such companionship

and surroundings as they would not willingly imitate.

In the old proverbs there is often much scientific wisdom, and this is true of the saying:

"Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art."

"Rain" Trees.

There is a tree in the tropics known as the rain tree, says the London Globe. Natives have long claimed that under its shade grass will grow in wonderful abundance. A close study of the rain tree has revealed that the natives were speaking the truth. A further interesting fact in regard to the rain tree is that its leaves possess the power of independent movement. At sunset the leaves close together, thus allowing dew to form on the grass beneath. With the reappearance of the sun the leaves expand again and thoroughly screen the grass beneath, thus effectually checking excessive evaporation.



Making the Soft Soap.

How Elephants Sleep.

"That elephant," said the circus man to a Louisville Courier-Journal writer, "has slept standing up for a year. He is 90, and what little sleep he requires he takes on his feet."

"An elephant in his prime only sleeps five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he needs. This good fellow here practically needs no sleep at all. At whatever hour of the day or night I come to him, he stands patiently in his place, rocking from side to side. I know he sleeps a little, but for years now his naps have been so short that he hasn't bothered to lie down for them. Nearly all old elephants are like this."

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all. Avoid unsatisfactory imitations.

Power of Having a Fixed Plan.

When Huxley, the great scientist, was a very young man he kept a diary which consisted mainly of his intentions concerning the future, says an exchange. He mapped out the work which he must do. At the end of a certain time he found that he had neglected the most important things. On making this discovery, he wrote:

"I must get on faster than this. I must adopt a fixed plan of studies, for unless this is done I find time slips away without knowing it—and let me remember this, that it is better to read a little and thoroughly than cram a crude, undigested mass into my head, though it be in great quantity."

Three years later he wrote in this diary, after having written what is quoted above:

"This is about the only resolution I have ever stuck to."

Huxley stuck to his resolution, adopted a fixed plan of studies. He made up his mind what he wanted to learn. He selected a certain line of investigation and stuck to it absolutely. When he died he had rendered great

How Fast the Baby Should Grow.

The "Bulletin" of the Academy of Medicine (Paris) says that weighing is the only exact means of ascertaining whether the growth of an infant is normal.

"The weight of a child who is well, drinks good milk in sufficient quantity, and digests well, ought not to vary sensibly from the averages given below. By indicating by the letter W the weight of the infant four days after its birth (an infant loses weight the first three days after its birth) one may show the following averages:

First month	W plus 1 lb. 10.5 oz.
Second month	W plus 3 lbs. 5.5 oz.
Third month	W plus 4 lbs. 11.0 oz.
Fourth month	W plus 6 lbs. 1.0 oz.
Fifth month	W plus 7 lbs. 5.5 oz.
Sixth month	W plus 8 lbs. 8.5 oz.
Seventh month	W plus 9 lbs. 10.0 oz.
Eighth month	W plus 10 lbs. 10.0 oz.
Ninth month	W plus 11 lbs. 8.5 oz.
Tenth month	W plus 12 lbs. 5.5 oz.
Eleventh month	W plus 13 lbs. 1.0 oz.
Twelfth month	W plus 13 lbs. 11.0 oz.

"Hence, if an infant weight seven pounds four days after its birth, it ought to weigh about twenty pounds at the age of one year. These figures are evidently not at all absolute, but if the infant grows normally its weight ought not to vary greatly from that indicated above."

A New Idea.

"What are the suggestions for the day?"

The greatest philanthropist of the age turned anxiously to his private secretary.

"Remember," he said, half severely, "we must give away ten millions more before the week is over. I simply can't stand it to have money accumulate in this reckless manner. We must get rid of it."

The secretary did not immediately reply.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," said the great philanthropist. "The National Theater says they can't take another cent. Every missionary society is black with cash. The old sailors are all smoking dollar cigars. Speak, man, your face is lighting up. Have you an idea?"

"I have, indeed," said the private secretary. "Have no fear; all will be well. Here's a man who has given me a clue."

And with a glad smile of relief, the philanthropist read from some unknown correspondent as follows:

"Why not endow a good comfortable home for decrepit millionaires who have given away all their money?"

A Womanly Woman.

(To be placed in a corner of a young girl's mirror, and read while she is making her toilette).

She cultivates reserve.
She thinks, then she acts.
She speaks ill of no one.
She is loyal to her friends.
She lives her mother's faith.
She cares for her body as God's temple.
She writes nothing that she may regret.

She knows that nothing is more undignified than anger.

She knows that to love and be loved is her birthright if she is but worthy of love.

A Manly Man.

(A young man might do the same with these).

He is unassuming, genteel and courteous.

He has due regard for the feelings of others.

He cares for his body as the temple of the soul.

He never uses profane or obscene language.

He loves his home next to his country.

He places honor before mercenary gain.

He stands for the right, even though he sacrifices position and popularity.

He holds truth as sacred as his life.

Lincoln was fond of gingerbread, and Stonewall Jackson wanted buckwheat cakes the year round.

Miscellaneous.

When windows are difficult to open or close, rub the cords with soft soap and they will run smoothly.

The smell of new paint.—To get rid of a bad smell in a room newly painted, place a vessel full of lighted charcoal in the middle of the room and throw on it two or three handfuls of juniper berries; shut the windows, chimney and the door close; twenty-four hours afterward the room may be opened, when it will be found that the sickly, unwholesome smell will be entirely gone. The smoke of the juniper berry possesses this advantage that, should anything be left in the room, it will not be spoiled.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked, do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Mother's Excuse to Teacher.—"Miss Jenkins, Johnny could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels."

SMOKE

W

TOBACCO

10¢ PER PLUG

A COOL AND LASTING SMOKE

Useful Information.

While the "natural cook," like the poet, is "born, not made," anyone with common sense and an inclination to use it can achieve success. Not in a single bound, however. There is an a, b, c, d in cooking, as in every other art, but, the rudiments mastered, the "frills" will follow.

The born cook seems to tell by intuition when to put in and when to withhold. She knows the proper combination of flavors, and the golden moment which marks just the difference between underdone, perfect, or overdone. The "made cook," and that describes the majority of us, must go by "rule of thumb," until experience makes perfect. Here, for instance, is a "table" that should be memorized or else written out and hung up in the kitchen for easy reference:

Three even teaspoonfuls dry material makes one even tablespoonful.

Sixteen tablespoonfuls liquid make one cupful.

Twelve tablespoonfuls dry material make one cupful.

Two cupfuls make one pint.

Four cupfuls make one quart.

One dozen eggs should weigh one and one-half pounds.

Use one teaspoonful soda to one cupful molasses.

One teaspoonful soda to one pint sour milk.

Three teaspoonfuls baking powder to one quart of milk.

One-half cupful of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

One teaspoonful extract to one loaf plain cake.

One teaspoonful salt in two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful salt to one quart of soup.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for muffins.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for batters.

One quart of water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful mixed herbs to each quart of water for soup stock.

One-quarter pound clear salt pork to a pint of beans, for "Boston baked beans."

A glass rolling pin saves considerable time lost in scraping off the dough from the wooden ones. Those with the wooden handles are best.

To raise the nap on cloth, soak it in cold water for half an hour, then put it on a board and rub the threadbare parts with teasel or with emery.



Who's Afraid?

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss:

That dire distress may reach us through that avenue of bliss.

They say that with the honey men are all so prone to slip

The dreadfulest bacteria may pass from lip to lip.

The osculative greetings that awaken happy thrills

May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor's bills.

But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid

He's apt to say: "Oh, hang the quacks! Plague take them! Who's afraid?"



Mary had an autocrat,

She ran it through the briars,

And after that, ere it would go,

She had to pump the tires.

She pumped them up too tight one day,

'Twas more than they could stand;

They burst and blew poor Mary to

A better, happier land.

"What made the tires blow Mary so?"

The eager people cried.

"Why, Mary blew the tires, you know,"

The busted auto sighed.

—Ex.



She—I wonder why men stay away from church?

Her Husband—Why, they are not as much interested in each others' clothes as women.—Brooklyn Life.



Falling hair can often be checked by washing with very strong salt water. Bathe the scalp with this every day until a cure is effected.

What \$3.50 buys in a Woman's Shoe.

Speaking of "ROYAL PURPLE" Shoes, \$3.50 really buys about everything that is good looking, good wearing and stylish in a lady's shoe. We venture to say there is not a lady's shoe sold in Canada to-day, unless at a very high price, that will give either the service or the satisfaction that you will get in

"ROYAL PURPLE" \$3.50 Shoes.

Stylish—shapely, dainty, perfect fitting shoes, that wear well, and look well as long as they wear.

This trademark—with retail price, \$3.50—is stamped on the sole of every "ROYAL PURPLE" shoe.



The Ames, Holden Co. of Montreal, Ltd.,

THE LARGEST SHOE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA.

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, TORONTO,
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN.

Public Announcement!

Messrs. Lea & Perrins' of Worcester, England, have been commanded by Special Royal Warrant to supply His Majesty, King Edward, and the Royal Household with their famous Sauce!

No Argument Will Convince a Woman

that a flour is all right, if she can't make good bread with it. The one argument that wins every woman in favor of ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is, that it never fails to turn out the most beautiful Bread and Cake and the most crisp and delicious Pastry when used according to the very simple "Royal Household" recipes. That one fact outweighs all the theories of two thousand years.

No other flour has ever made so many intimate friends among Canadian women in so short a time.—Perhaps it's because "Royal Household" is made by the new electrical process—that makes a wonderful difference in flour.

Your grocer sells "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" and you can have the recipes by simply sending your name and address to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal, and *mentioning the name of this paper.*

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Ethel—I hear Miss Screecher is going abroad to complete her musical education. Is her father sending her?
Bert—No; the neighbors.

Chollie—Youah daughter has consented to marry me; an—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family.
Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"
"Yes, pa. You're in a bad temper this mornin' and you've got to hit some one before you'll feel satisfied."

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsyte. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about nine this evening." "None of the children sick, I hope?" "No, but they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."

Teacher—Now, Bobby, how much do six and four make?
Bobby (eagerly)—Eleven, sir.

Teacher—Now, guess again. How about ten?
Bobby (exultingly)—Oh, you can't mix me up that way. Five and five makes ten.

She—I know some couples quarrel a good deal at first, but get along pretty well later on. He—Oh, yes! Some people take matrimony like rheumatism—they get so accustomed to it that they don't complain much.

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday.
Tommy—Well, it wasn't my fault.

Teacher—It wasn't.
Tommy—No, ma'am. I done my best to think up one.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson. "Dancing is merely hugging to music." "We might cut out the music," softly suggested a bad young man in the rear of the auditorium.

"Are you in society?"
"About half in."
"What do you mean by that?"
"I'm always invited to society entertainments given to raise money for charity—and that's about all."

Bobby—"Say, mamma, what are you going to give me for my birthday?"
Mamma—"Oh, anything to keep you quiet, Bobby."
Bobby—"Well, nothing will keep me quiet but a drum."

Patience—"He must have a soft spot in his heart for me?"
Patrice—"Why so?"
Patience—"He says he is always thinking of me."
Patrice—"But you know a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."

Hungry Hawkins—Do yer mean ter say yer got a square meal out o' dat sour woman?
Diplomatic Mike—Sure.

Hungry Hawkins—Well, yer a wonder. How'd yer do it?
Diplomatic Mike—When she opened the door, I sez: "Is yer mother at home, Miss?"

A certain distinguished minister, who is unusually plain in physical appearance, tells this story on himself: He was visiting at a country house, and was being shown round the place by his host's little daughter, a pretty and precocious child of six. She was somewhat shy at first, but gradually grew accustomed to her distinguished visitor, finally asking him, with serious face:

"Did God make all things?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Did He make you?"
"Yes, He made me, my child."
"And did He make me, too?"
"Yes."
"Well, He must have got a good deal better at it since He made you."

A CLEAR HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the results of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

When beef soars up in price the demand for eggs increases, and a great many take eggs who otherwise steer clear of them unless assured beforehand that they are perfectly fresh. One who is very particular about his eggs took his seat at a table in a restaurant the other day and said:

"Waiter, if you have any fresh eggs I'll take two."

"Yes, sir. How'll you have 'em—fried, boiled, hard, or soft, scrambled, poached—"

"I'll take them raw," was the startling reply.

The waiter stared and gasped.

"Raw, sir," he asked, to make sure he had heard right.

"Yes, raw, and hurry up with 'em."
"Well done—er—yes, sir, I'll bring 'em."

When the eggs were brought the man cracked them on the end and carefully inspected their contents, smelling and tasting of them until satisfied.

"Now you can scramble them for me," he said, handing them back to the waiter. "I know they're fresh."

"Yes, sir," was all the comment that the waiter could summon to express his surprise.

Ten minutes later, when the scrambled eggs were brought in, the diner-out put aside his paper and turned to relish fresh scrambled eggs served on hot toast. Imagine his surprise upon removing the cover to get a whiff of stale, musty eggs. The odor was so decidedly strong that he gasped a moment in suffocating misery.

"Waiter!" he shouted, "these are not the eggs I broke!"

"Oh, no, sir," was the prompt answer, "we gave you fresh ones, and poached them others for the next man that ain't so particular."

A very plain nurse was telling a convalescent enteric patient how bad he had been and how delirious. "Do you know you proposed to me?" she asked. The patient jumped up, "Was I as delirious as that?"

Young Maid—Which would you prefer in your future husband—honor, ability, or appearance?
Old Maid—Appearance every time, but he's got to appear pretty soon, I tell you.

"Say, pop, what's a floating debt?"
"Your mother on her annual trip to Europe."



DO YOU KNOW
THAT BACKACHE
IS THE FIRST
SYMPTOM OF
KIDNEY TROUBLE.

It is! and you cannot be too careful about it.

A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE,

of Stewarton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE

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... INSURANCE COMPANY

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PURE-BRED REGISTERED LIVE STOCK INSURANCE

THESE LINES OF INSURANCE ARE OUR SPECIALITIES

Full information as to rates, etc., may be had from local agents or on application to

HEAD OFFICE:

BRANDON, MAN.

JOS. CORNELL,

Manager.

J. G. BARRON, President Manitoba Live Stock Association and the most successful breeder and importer of Pure-Bred Prize-Winning Shorthorn Cattle in the West, says:

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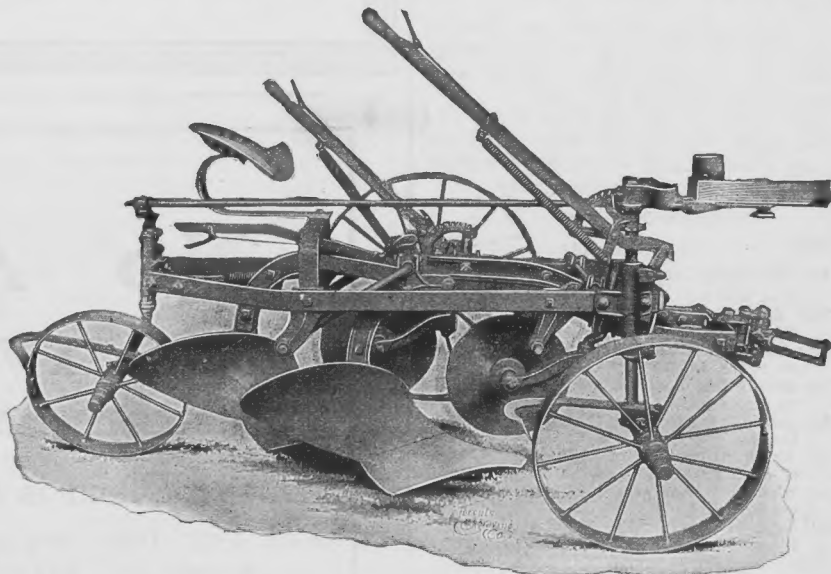
(Signed)

JOHN BARRON,

Carberry, Man.

April 20th

NEW PARIS FOOT-LIFT GANG



OUR NEW SCOTCH CLIPPER HIGH-LIFT GANG HAS FOOT-LIFT and release, also hand-release for use when walking. These features have been perfected on our plow, and a small boy can operate easily, whether walking or riding.

Our boards are correct shape, highly-tempered, making a bottom that will clean in any soil.

The superiority of shares, wheels, design, etc., of this plow are described in our folder, which is well worth reading and free for the asking. Write for it.

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In every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up showcards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places, also distribute small advertising matter. Highest salary and expenses paid to good reliable men. Steady employment. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

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